THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A° [illegible] by Benj. Franklin

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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

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THE HOUSE OF KUPPENHEIMER

CHICAGO NEW YORK BOSTON

They're All Combined In California, The World's Garden Spot.
Switzerland's Picturesque Mountains
England's Parks And Sports
The Art, Gaiety, Luxury, of France
Spain's Quaint Charms And Industries
Italy's Climate And Bays

CAPITALISTS, BUSINESS-MEN, TRAVELERS, FARMERS, PLEASURE-SEEKERS, WORKINGMEN — YES, EVERY GOOD AMERICAN, RICH OR POOR

Southern California

Wants You to Come Out This Winter Sure

300,000 Americans are planning to visit Southern California the coming winter.

The gayest season ever known is ahead.

Everything is ready — magnificent new hotels, larger than ever, established hotels elaborately remodeled, new theaters, new resorts, sumptuous restaurants, quaint Spanish, Italian and Chinese cafés.

Everybody is coming — If you don't think so, ask your friends. There will never be a better opportunity to visit the world's garden spot — Southern California.

"Seeing America" Really Means California

What the Tourist Can See and Do

Of all winter resorts Southern California ranks first.

A land of luxuries and enchanting climate!

The tourist can see a new place of wonder each day for a year.

One can live inexpensively or as elaborately as desired.

There are palatial cafés with famous orchestras, where wealth and pomp from all over the world congregate—

—Innumerable cafés where the bohemian may enjoy curious dishes, characteristic of China, Japan, Spain and Italy—

—Unique and prosperous industries,—such as ostrich farming, where gorgeous plumes are raised rivaling any African feathers,—vast areas of oranges, vineyards, raisins, prunes, olives, and apricots.

—Lakes a mile high, shut in with giant peaks and teeming with monster trout.

—Stretches of hard sea sand used as speedways for automobiles, acknowledged to be the longest and best in the world.

—Mountains capped with snow, vast forests, waterfalls, huge cañyons, sulphur springs, mud baths.

—Quaint islands surrounded with wonderful marine gardens, alive with gold fish and curious denizens of the deep.

—Fishing grounds, where the sportsman catches 200-pound tuna, 50-pound yellow tail, 400-pound sea bass.

—Old Spanish Missions, railroads penetrating the sky, race tracks, theaters, amusement parks, concert halls.

—Beach resorts with celebrated Italian bands, huge bathing pavilions, miles of canals with gondolas, auditoriums built over the waters of the Pacific.

—Sumptuous hotels located everywhere on the coast, in the cities, in charming inland spots.

—Then there are excursions by train, trolley car, automobile and tally-ho.

Yes, it's a fact—Southern California is the most interesting spot on the globe.

Golden Facts about the Golden State

Los Angeles is the fastest growing large city in the world. Population, 102,000 in 1900, population to-day, 300,000.

In proportion to population more automobiles are sold in California than in any other state, one automobile to every fifty families.

California produces 21.5% of all fruit in the United States.

In Iowa the average value of hay per acre is $6.59. Compare this with California oranges that pay as high as $500 to $1,000 an acre, or California walnuts that frequently bring $1,000 an acre.

The value of California's manufactured products each year would buy the whole state of Maine at its assessed valuation.

California paid out $25,000,000 for money orders last year, excelling 49 other states and territories.

California's savings banks hold twice as much deposits as Pennsylvania's, although Pennsylvania's population is 3½ times California's.

The yearly value of California's orange crop would buy, outright, all the property and assets of all Building and Loan Associations in Massachusetts.

California's yearly production of gold, silver and other minerals would give every family in Connecticut an income of $200 per year.

In California over 100,000 families own their own homes without mortgages.

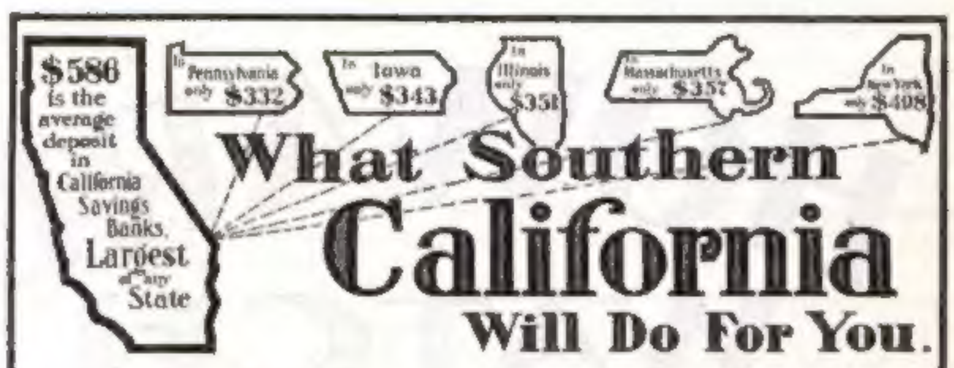
California excels all other states in the production of barley, asparagus, peas, peaches, prunes, plums, cherries, grapes, oranges, lemons, citron, olives, figs, almonds, English walnuts.

In California vegetables average $96.40 per acre.

This information is supplied by the Development Society of California, a body of public spirited men contributing time and money to the spreading of truth about California. If you would like any information regarding hotels, resorts, railroad lines or any special section of the state, simply address a letter to the Society and the information will be gladly given you without cost.

Development Society of California

Huntington Building, Los Angeles, Cal.


$586 is the average deposit in California Savings Banks. Largest of any State
In Pennsylvania only $332
In Iowa only $343
In Illinois only $351
In Massachusetts only $357
In New York only $408

What Southern California Will Do For You.

The very name California has become a synonym of wealth, health and success.

California ranks only twenty-first in population, but in assessed valuation it ranks fifth.

California citizens own their own homes—a greater percentage than in New York, Massachusetts, Illinois, or any of the older states.

The average deposits in California Savings Banks are greater than in any other state in the Union.

California's prodigious income is gained from manufacturing, the production of deciduous fruits, prunes, raisins, wine, beet-sugar, minerals, oil and lumber. There are also thousands of wealthy families, whose income is derived from Eastern investments and spent in California.

The manufacturer has cheap raw materials, unlimited supply of cheap fuel and the best possible railroad and shipping facilities.

California pays the biggest returns for capital, brains and labor.

The state is growing more rapidly than ever. Every section shows marvelous development. The prosperity is not a temporary condition, but comes from the actual production of wealth. California is supplying things that the world is compelled to buy.

Your particular interest is aroused because California holds out a welcoming hand. In fact California needs you. There are thousands upon thousands of acres not yet developed, thousands of enterprises yet to be established, thousands of business blocks to be built, and tens of thousands of homes to be erected for the growing population.

You can accept this announcement as a warm invitation to come and be a Californian, to come and live within this sphere where success and health are breathed in the air.

If you will take your own home, your environment, your income, your expenses, your health, your present degree of happiness, and compare them with what California offers you, surely you will resolve to begin this day and work with one ambition in mind—California.

Two Christmas Gifts

Sixty-Five Years Between Them

Sixty-five Christmas Days have passed since Grandfather received his Howard Watch—and it's still keeping perfect time. That's the kind of durability and accuracy to expect of *every* Howard—they last for generations. In nicety of construction and precision of adjustment the

HOWARD WATCH

is in a class by itself—no other watch possesses so many points of superiority—no other watch is re-adjusted by the makers *after casing*.

Howard Watches of to-day are *not* expensive. For $35 you can buy one equal to your Grandfather's $150 Howard. For $150 you can purchase a Howard Watch superior to the $500 Howards of 65 years ago. Your dealer has a full assortment — ask to see them.

Watch Wisdom—FREE

Write for a complimentary copy of "Watch Wisdom." Tells why the Howard Watch has been the Standard of Accuracy since 1842. Sent postpaid to any address.

E. HOWARD WATCH COMPANY,

Charles and South Sts., Waltham, Mass., U. S. A.

The Favorite Christmas Gift

Three Ages of Men in Stein-Bloch Clothes

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH

The man of 17—the man of 30—the man of 50.

All have different views.

All are reflected in their clothes tastes—and in Stein-Bloch Clothes.

Tens of thousands of men working at professions and in offices—with limited incomes—have the same taste, the same necessity, the same genuine idea of clothes as the smartly groomed society man or college man of wealth.

To them these things are just as much business and social requisites.

Stein-Bloch Clothes have won a place in the estimation of such men that nothing can disturb. They always look for the label—and find it at the leading clothier's.

Send for the Autumn style book, "Smartness," mailed free.

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NEW YORK, 130-132 Fifth Ave.

See Japan and China

It is not necessarily an expensive trip—it need cost no more than an outing at America's best resorts.

For the over-worked business man the invigorating salt sea air is a wonderful tonic. The voyage across the Pacific is a glorious one, but its pleasures are greatly enhanced when made on the

Steamship "Minnesota"

Largest and most comfortable steamship in Trans-Pacific service. The route follows the mild Japan Current Seattle to the Orient. Sailings November 29 and March 2. Information, rates and descriptive literature furnished by any representative of the Great Northern Railway, Northern Pacific Railway, or

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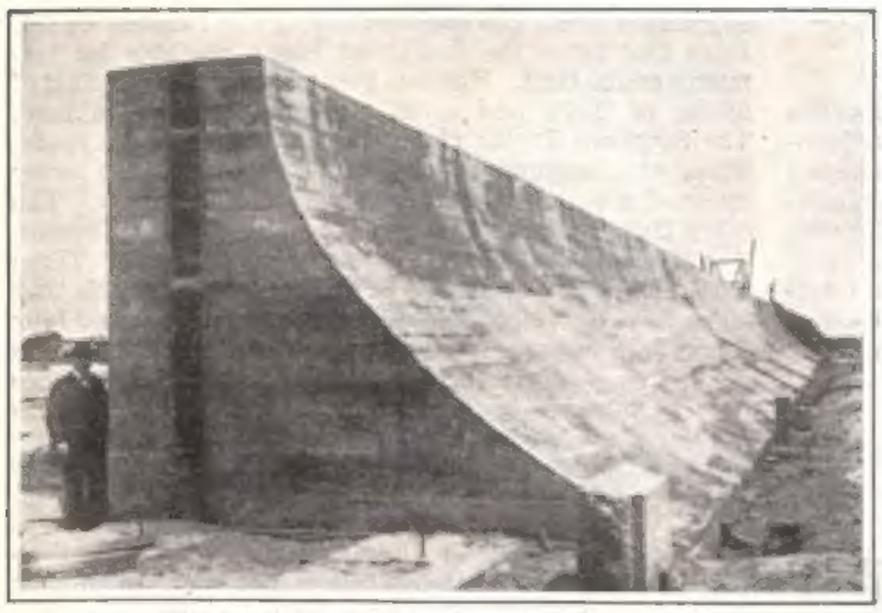
THE MASTERY OF THE GULF



Galveston's Sea-Wall in Process of Construction

By Frank Putnam

AS YEARS pass, and American railroad systems crystallize into huge, closely-related traffic groups or systems, it becomes apparent that the seacoast of the United States is eventually to possess three harbors that will dominate all others: three harbors which will enjoy most of, if not all, the deep-sea traffic carried in the largest ships—the new breed of leviathans of which Lusitania and Mauretania and their mighty sisters are the forerunners. Not Nature, nor the Federal Government, will dictate the choice of these three supreme harbors. They will be chosen by the masters of the railroad lines. And it appears that the number of such first-class ports will be limited to three, for another half-century at least, for this reason: the railroads do not wish to make, on either coast, more than one such enormous investment as will be necessary to handle this traffic.

The issue on the Gulf of Mexico is as yet a very open one. There are two potential winners: New Orleans and Galveston, or, as the newer idea in the Texan southwest puts it, "the Galveston-Houston shipping district." These districts have approached the problem from different points of view.

The Texas district has first made sure of the ships, and is now turning its attention toward the creation of broad and firm foundations upon which to build the great consolidated city that it believes will, one day, be established here on the low coastal plain of the Lone Star State.

New Orleans, on the other hand, has postponed its efforts to obtain large and frequent steamship sailings until it shall first have laid the floor upon which a great maritime depot must stand.

Galveston has regular sailings of the ships of twenty steamship lines to nearly all portions of the globe. Besides these regular sailings it enjoys the irregular, occasional service of ships representing a dozen other lines, and of an uncertain but large mosquito fleet of cheap ocean tramps, which serve not so much to carry huge quantities of freight as to hold rates down to a fair basis.

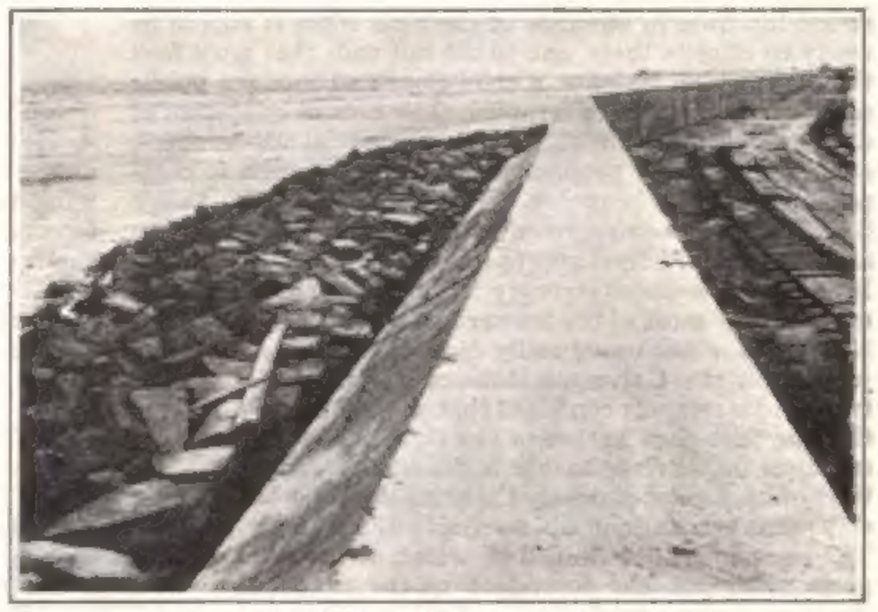
New Orleans Emerges from the Seventeenth Century

NEW ORLEANS, which until a dozen years ago was merely a huge village, doing a retail trade for the immediately surrounding region, about that time became conscious that a greater fortune awaited it if it would but awake and lay hold upon it. Its ablest men suddenly recognized the fact that cities do not "just grow," like Topsies, but must be built. Obviously it was not possible to build a great city fit to take a place in the competition with modern cities until New Orleans should provide itself with those fundamental civic necessities, all of which it lacked. It could not dig a cellar under any building. The land upon which the city rested, and still rests, was and is two feet, on an average, lower than the surface of the mighty Mississippi River flowing past her doors. The man who tried to dig a cellar found, at two feet of depth, that he had not a cellar, but a lake on his hands. The dead were not buried, but placed in tombs above ground, and the procession of the dead through these tombs was very like the procession of the living through the quaint old houses of the place. Each—both the dead and the quick—had in regular order to yield place to the generation that followed it. Sewage and drainage alike flowed—when it did not stagnate in the blazing sun—along surface gutters on either side of every street. Drinking water for practically the whole city of 300,000 inhabitants was collected by housetop drains when it fell from the clouds, and stored in tanks appurtenant to each residence. The little, old waterworks system, so-called, operated by a private company, made no serious effort to extend its supply to the homes, because it could not offer a water that was either palatable or safely potable.

Looking Seaward

In a word, New Orleans, when she woke up to the fact that she was a part of the twentieth century, was physically a part of the seventeenth century. Here and there a hotel, or a residence, the home of a man of wealth and enterprise, was supplied with makeshift sanitary conveniences and a water supply drawn from artesian wells, but the sanitary equipment of the city as a whole was strictly mediæval.

The newspapers of New Orleans had, from time to time, conservatively, indeed almost apologetically, urged the creation of modern public-service systems, but the spirit of the place was light and gayly irresponsive to these graver matters, except in those periods when yellow fever momentarily filled it with panic fear; and these warnings were soon forgotten.



The Sea-Wall Completed

What New Orleans Women Did in High Finance

IT WAS only when the women of New Orleans took up the situation in deadly seriousness that real progress began to be made. They decided that they had endured sanitary mediævalism as long as they could endure it. And they shamed the men of New Orleans—the indifferent rank and file of men—by taking the lead in public advocacy and organization of a campaign for modern sanitation. A bond issue sufficient to pay for modern drainage, sewerage and water systems was proposed to the people, mainly through the efforts of the women of the city; and but for their votes—the votes of women who, being taxpayers, were admitted to exercise the franchise upon questions involving the creation of public indebtedness—the bond proposal would have failed. It carried, and the work was begun.

Drainage channels underground, of a capacity sufficient to enable them to carry off the torrential rainfall of the sub-tropics, have been built and are operated by pumping stations. These stations, set at intervals along the system, lift the water from a low level to a higher one, and start it once more on a down grade to a point where it must once more be lifted for another downward glide. This most extraordinary American drainage system is, in fact, a system of linked inclined planes, dotted with lifting, rather than pumping, stations. It has underdrained the soil of New Orleans so that cellars as deep as eighteen feet can now be dug, and foundations laid for modern steel skyscrapers.

Although this portion of the work of regeneration was completed, in the main business section, only two years ago, already the city presents a new skyline, astonishing to one who knew the place of old. Steel skeletons challenge the upper altitudes at a dozen places, and excavations for more are in progress everywhere. Through this dry city floor New Orleans is driving a sewerage system, separate from the drainage system, with pipes so small that they can be flushed at frequent intervals. Most sewerage systems, being built for the joint duty of carrying sewage and drainage, are larger than they would need be to carry sewage only, and are, therefore, too large to be flushed thoroughly. Out of its apparent impossibilities New Orleans has created new merits, of which this power to keep its sewers clean is not the least. A water supply to be taken from the Mississippi above the city, the third arm of the new system, has gone forward with the other two arms. The water will be run through a series of huge settling basins, similar to those by which Omaha takes her water from the Missouri. The use of chemicals in the final basin, and of filters between the final basin and the main supply pipes to the city, will insure an unfailing supply of clean and healthful water. The plant is calculated to meet the present demands of a city of half a million inhabitants, and is shaped so as easily to be enlarged to supply a million.

While the Crescent City has thus been laying the foundations for its future as one of the earth's chief seaports, it has been busy, through its public officials and its commercial organizations, enlisting the sentimental and practical aid of the great States lying on either side of the river to the northward. New Orleans more; perhaps, than any other valley city has, during the five years last past, revived national interest in the wasteful neglect of the great river highways to the Gulf. The recent visit of the President to the valley, his spectacular voyage down the stream, and his public speeches in favor of Federal aid in reviving its once great commerce, have meant far more to New Orleans than to all the other river cities combined. These things have been to her harbingers of a day not remote when the bulk of the heavy seaward traffic of this whole mighty valley will float down to her wharves in shallow bottoms, there to be transshipped to deep-sea vessels for distribution to all the outer world.

New Orleans has made little or no effort to bring in steamship lines in advance of the time when it should be ready to offer to them, and to the railroads that must feed them with land freights, a solid floor and modern public services upon which to establish their necessary system of docks, elevators, terminals, huge commercial sky-scrapers, etc. This gigantic preparatory work draws nigh to completion in all its branches. The influence of the valley States and of their representatives in Congress will hereafter be felt in Federal appropriations for the Gulf harbors. It will be even more strongly felt by the railroads which must supply most of the seaward freight to the Gulf ports. New Orleans not unnaturally feels that she has "got the jump" on the Galveston-Houston shipping district, and is serenely confident that she will become the one first-class harbor of the Gulf. The Gulf entrance to her river harbor is still shallow, under thirty feet, almost precisely the same depth as the ship channel leading up to Galveston's docks. The issue to be determined is, which of the rival ports shall get the forty-foot or the fifty-foot channel of the near future, and relegate its rival to the secondary, coastwise class.

The Galveston-Houston district embraces the island city of Galveston, already become, in bulk and value of her annual imports and exports, the chief port on the Gulf. It includes an inland waterway comprising Galveston Bay, above this bay Trinity Bay (which is the broad mouth of the Trinity River), and Buffalo Bayou, branching off Trinity Bay and extending up to and beyond the city of Houston. These twin cities of South Texas are fifty miles apart by rail, sixty by water. Government engineers, with liberal appropriations to draw on, are cutting out curves in the bayou to make it a straight-line barge route from Houston to Galveston Bay. Already the bayou does a considerable barge business in cotton and other freight, at a rate one-sixth that of the railroads that link the two cities. This barge rate might be much lower and yet yield a profit; but the barge line is owned by the Southern Pacific Railroad, which is one of the rail lines linking Houston and Galveston. Even at present rates the bayou route makes Houston one of the most favorably situated barge ports in America.

The Rivalry of the Texas Twins

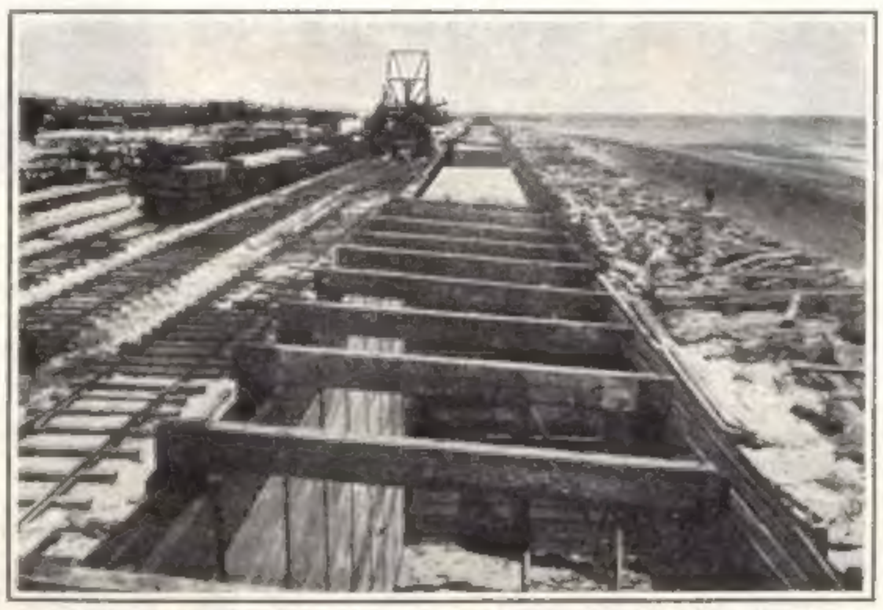
HITHERTO Houston and Galveston have been pulling against each other. Houston dreams of a day when deep-sea ships will come to anchor at wharves to be located five miles below the city on the bayou. It argues that railroads and steamship companies will never dare to build the immense terminals necessary to a first-class seaport on Galveston Island, for fear of their destruction in such a tropical hurricane as swept over Galveston in 1900. Houston argues that the only way in which a safe harbor can be got on the low coastal plain of Texas is by locating it inland. Houston has, therefore, given little aid or comfort to Galveston's efforts to obtain Federal money to deepen and improve the island city's channel to the open sea. Galveston has scoffed at Houston's dreams of an inland harbor; has told Houston she would better content herself with a first-class barge channel, giving her the cheapest rates on earth down to the first-class, deep-sea harbor that must necessarily be constructed at Galveston. Galveston has allowed her wharves to be controlled by a local monopoly, which has irritated Houston by charging dockage fees for Houston freight that never touched the docks, but was transshipped from Houston's barges to deep-sea ships in the open harbor of Galveston.

This condition of jealousy and destructive rivalry has impaired the chance of the Galveston-Houston shipping district to defeat New Orleans in the race for Gulf leadership. But it cannot be said to have destroyed that chance. It is conceivable that, by uniting their forces, agreeing upon a division of the benefits to be got by the district as a whole—Houston to get the best possible barge route and Galveston to get the forty or fifty foot deep-sea channel—the South Texas twins can maintain their present lead over New Orleans in bulk of sea business, and beat the latter to the great final goal which both places so eagerly strive to attain.

Both Houston and Galveston have enormous tasks before them in the foundation work that must be done, as New Orleans has done it, before they can hope to build here cities—or a consolidated city—capable of commanding and handling the commerce of a port of the first class. Houston has the commercial heart of a city of one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants; it has many beautiful homes and handsome public buildings. But it almost entirely lacks systems of drainage, sewage, pavements, curbs and parks. Outside of its central business district it is a sprawling country village of, say, seventy thousand inhabitants. It is rich, but its men of money are ultra-conservative. They prefer the present over the prospective advantage—the bird in the hand has the call here. Its leaders lack the savage energy and the poetic forevision of the men that built the great cities of the West.

The Father of the Water

I HAVE just submitted to them, through the columns of a Houston newspaper, a broad, general plan of city foundation laying, involving the expenditure of ten or a dozen millions of dollars, and the proposal excites more of indifference than of opposition, and less of active interest than of either. As John H. Kirby, the Texas lumber king, remarked to me when I laid the matter before him, inviting him to lead a movement to bring Houston and Galveston into harmonious action for their common good: "There are too many pessimists in both places. They won't mix any more than oil and water. The thing will never be done in this world unless some one comes in here from the outside, like yourself, puts it up to them bluntly, and rubs it in hard."



A Section of the Galveston Sea-Wall, Showing Details of Construction

Galveston, spurred to extra-normal exertions by the blind instinct of self-preservation, after the great storm of 1900, that swept away eight thousand of her people and cut her property values to one-third of what they were the day before the storm, has done wonders since that time in relaying her foundations and reëstablishing her commerce. She has to-day more inhabitants, a far larger commerce, more homes, more business blocks, more money in her banks, a far larger area elevated to safety above the reach of storms, than she had seven years ago. She has in large part laid the drainage, sewage and water foundations that New Orleans has laid and that Houston has yet to lay. Yet Galveston, as well as Houston, must undertake still larger works—on wharves, on causeways linking the island with the mainland, on more sea wall and more land elevation, if she is to do her part in making this district the seat of the North American Continent's third first-class seaport. There is no doubt that the work can be done. It is merely a matter of money. With less than one-fifth of what it cost Chicago to build a city's floor in the swamp at the mouth of the Chicago River, during the life period of men still hale and vigorous, the Houston-Galveston shipping district can create here not only a harbor as commodious and as safe against storms as any in the world, but can also build up at the northern end of the bayou barge route a seat of manufactures and commerce as large and as rich as Pittsburg is to-day. The Houston-Galveston of the future is to be, if it realizes its easy possibilities, the seat of gigantic cotton manufactures, located along the bayou barge route, and of immense steel mills situated along the shore of the mainland opposite Galveston, as well as a great seaport. Texas has unlimited supplies of high-grade iron in the Llano region less than two hundred miles from Galveston, and when the intercoastal canal is completed barge tows will bring coal and coke down here from the Pennsylvania mines and furnaces cheaply enough to warrant the creation of huge mills. This is a development of the future that is not a dream, but an actuality in process of being worked out under the guidance of the masters of the American steel industry.

Contrasting the regions naturally tributary to New Orleans and to the Houston-Galveston district, it becomes apparent that their forces are fairly well balanced. The weight of odds, perhaps, slightly favors New Orleans. The States bordering upon, and which may fairly be expected to employ, the deepened and patrolled Mississippi channel to send their outward freights seaward via New Orleans, are richer and more productive than the States naturally tributary to the Texas district. Yet, on the other hand, these older States already enjoy the services of long-established eastward rail and sea lines that must always continue to divide their business with the port at the lower end of the Mississippi, whereas the region tributary to the Texas shipping district has no other sea outlet anywhere near so easily reached as Galveston.

When it became apparent that the railroads could not any longer delay the construction of the Panama Canal, those that serve the Southwest began reaching for terminals on the Gulf. Houston became the water terminal of fifteen of them, and seven more are building in here. The Southern Pacific alone uses the bayou barge route, since, with singular apathy, Houston capital has never invested a penny in barges to ply on this stream. The other Houston roads that send their freight to Galveston ship it down hill the fifty intervening miles by rail. Three trunk lines share ownership of the single-track trestle that alone links Galveston Island with the mainland, and four other lines use the trestle under leases. This two-mile single-track bridge carries a larger and more valuable traffic than any other piece of single track on earth. The fact that this district has depended upon this single track, exposed as it is to destruction by either fire or flood, for seven years since the great storm, indicates the easy-going spirit of these Texans, who dream so grandly of a mighty future, but who are so slow to translate their dreams into action. A few far-seeing men are doing all that they can to get progress made, but the spirit of the people as a whole is still strongly colored by the old cow-boy, cattle-range antipathy to urban ways. The farmers still control the Texas Legislature, and still do whatever they can to checkmate the ambition of Texas cities to obtain modern public services. But this spirit is passing. Hundreds of thousands of people are coming into Texas from the Northern States and from Europe, who realize that without cities they lack market places for their products. In the very near future the cities of the State will, by coöperating, control the legislature and open the way to urban development unobstructed by provincial prejudice at the State capital.

Meantime many of the so-called Houston roads—those that got terminals here with a view to sending their seaward freight down the bayou barge route to Galveston's deep-water wharves—appear to have begun to doubt the wisdom of resting upon the developments of the future here. Three or four of the principal lines have gone on or are going on to New Orleans. If it appears presently that the Galveston-Houston district means to wake up and create the harbor facilities they now dream of, then these doubting railroad captains will not build new and costly terminals at New Orleans, but will keep their money on the Texas district.

After a very careful survey of the whole situation, in both cities and in the regions tributary to them, I am convinced that it is easily possible for the Texas district to win the prize. It is just a matter of money and energy. New Orleans has displayed the greater energy during the ten years last past, but Texas has the more money, and if there is anything in the tradition that Texas just naturally breeds big, brave men, she may be expected to rise to the challenge of her Eastern rival with enough energy to win this race, which begins to engross the attention of intelligent Southerners, almost as keenly as the race between champion baseball clubs.

A New Way of Handling Men

OF COURSE, it is manifestly impossible, in operations involving the employment of many hundreds of thousands of men, that the manager and superintendent can come in personal contact with the hands (which every up-to-date industrial manager admits to be highly desirable), but through the foremen, and especially the sub-foremen, the gulf between the head and the tail may be bridged and the men given the opportunity, which is now denied them, of knowing many things which do intimately concern them, and which would frequently lead to an understanding of the necessity for apparently harsh or unnecessary orders and rules.

In a Massachusetts shoe factory, employing six hundred girls, an order was issued that all hats and coats must be

deposited in a certain room, checks therefor being given. The order was issued in the usual "I-run-my-own-business" manner, and as the delay in the delivery at noon and night was very great the girls, after an unheeded protest, struck. After ten days' loss of work for the entire factory the matter was adjusted. But if the superintendent had seen fit to inform the girls that the clothing had to be removed from its former position because of a protest from the insurance inspectors, the order, which seemed so unreasonable and arbitrary, would have had an entirely different aspect.

With view to friendly relations, shop magazines have been established in a few great industrial plants, but the writer has seen only one or two which appear to be really good. The best is issued by a company in the Middle West, employing six thousand hands. It is a small, four-page weekly, well printed on good paper. The first page always contains a cut of some particularly interesting article made in the works, with a brief description. The reading matter consists of shop notes and gossip; the number of hands employed; any particularly noteworthy piece of work done by some one employee or some crew; comparisons between the work done in their own plant and in others; and little personals about the officials and foremen.

Advice and sermonizing are strictly tabooed. You may search fifty issues and not see one article commencing: "Young Man!"

The method of distributing this magazine shows excellent judgment. Although free to the hands it is not thrown around indiscriminately. An employee desiring a copy regularly sends in his application, and one is thereafter sent to him neatly wrapped and addressed.

But this magazine, out of nearly a dozen which have been examined, is the only one which hits the mark. The others contain but little information about the shop and shopmates—which is what the workman wants. They give technical descriptions, sometimes of their own output and sometimes of kindred products, but lack of space and illustrations make them dreary and obscure. They contain too much advice and admonition, and the workman consequently feels that they are published, solely, to induce him to do more work. They utterly miss the point, and are valueless so far as bringing management and men closer together is concerned.

A very excellent plan has been adopted by a large employing company in New York State. A clubroom has been fitted up for the sub-foremen, of whom there are about thirty. It is kept in good order by the company and furnished with the brightest industrial magazines published, but the management is left to the clubmen themselves. Once a week a smoke-talk is held, an address being delivered by some official of the company, or occasionally an outside speaker.

A great contracting firm of New York, engaged in erecting skyscrapers and steel structures in all parts of the country, and carrying over three thousand men on its pay-rolls, issues a weekly bulletin to its men, giving light, snappy stories about its operations at various points. It tells of erecting a fifteen-story office building, from foundation to roof girders, in twenty-six days. It relates the manner in which an exasperating delay in the delivery of material was overcome. It shows how some extraordinary difficulty with a foundation trench was met. It describes any unusual derrick or other machinery which may have been acquired at any point. It tells of feats of digging, grading and construction which stir the blood and excite the keenest competition. Those bulletins are a spur to every foreman, sub-foreman and workman on the various jobs, and, in addition, they induce a healthy pride in the work and the company.

Compare that, if you will, with the experience of a worker on a multiple drill in a great machine shop.

"I've drilled," he said, "just so many holes in just that one part for three years, and I've never yet seen the machine it goes into. I've never been inside the steel foundry, and I don't know whether they use a cupola or open-hearth furnace. Once, when our line shaft broke down in here and we were laid off for a couple of days, I tried to go all over the works; but I couldn't get a pass and they turned me out. One Thursday I heard that a man in the erecting shop had broken a leg, but I didn't know it was my own cousin until I happened to go over to his house the next Sunday. If a man asks questions around here he gets turned down. I've quit it long ago!"

The man was not vindictive, he was not even sarcastic—he was simply apathetic. He had been jammed hard against his machine and his pay-check, and any further interest in the company's operations had been starved.

MEMORIES OF AUTHORS

Longfellow—By William Winter

MY MEMORIES of Actors, published in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST under the title of Players—Past and Present, have been received with remarkable and gratifying favor, and therefore I am encouraged to act on a suggestion which has been made to me that I should associate with those sketches some of my Memories of Authors—the leaders and the comrades of the pen whom I have personally known and with whom I have been more or less intimately associated in the course of more than fifty years. My first book was published in 1854. I was early thrown into companionship with authors. I have had a wide acquaintance with them, from the time of Epes Sargent, E. P. Whipple, George Lunt and N. P. Willis; and perhaps my readers will find pleasure in rambling with me for a little while in the old, grass-grown pathways of my literary youth, where still the idols of my fancy remain unchanged, the stately figures and the dear companions of Long Ago.

The year 1889 brought the centenary of Cooper. The year 1907 brought the centenary of Longfellow. Those men were the leaders of American literature in the nineteenth century, and they remain the two great representative American authors. Longfellow is the foremost of our poets. Cooper is the foremost of our novelists.

Thirty years ago, in London, in conversation with the most expert, accomplished and fascinating of modern story-tellers, Wilkie Collins, that excellent writer said to me: "America has produced one great novelist; I wonder whether you can tell me his name." "The name of him," I said, "is James Fenimore Cooper." "Right!" exclaimed Collins, in obvious joy; "the author of Leatherstocking was a man of wonderful genius!"

Cooper, who died in 1851, aged 62, I did not know and never saw; but in boyhood I worshiped him, and in age I still read his romantic stories—so pure in spirit, so fine in invention, so beautiful in picture, and (aside from some formality and inflexibility of language in the sentimental passages) so rich, true, natural and various in characteristic dialogue—with delight and admiration.

Longfellow I knew well, beginning my acquaintance with him at a time of life when the affections are ardent, when the confiding fancy exults in its ideals, and when the mind is susceptible to the charm of romance. The poet was forty-seven when first we met, and from that time, for twenty-eight years, it was my happy fortune to hold a place in his affectionate esteem. To me, from the first, he was an object of reverence. I loved him, and I rejoice to remember that he honored me with his friendship, and that I possessed and enjoyed that blessing till the day of his death.

During the years from 1853-54 to 1859-60 I was often a guest in his house, at Cambridge, and I had the rare privilege of his example, his conversation and his counsel. In the winter of 1859-60 I established my residence in New York and could no longer be near to him; but he frequently wrote to me, and I visited him as often as I could. "Come and sit in my children's chair," he said to me, on the occasion of my latest visit; "you *never* forget me; *you* always come to see me." He knew my love for him, and he trusted it. I saw him as he was; and, within my observation and knowledge of men, which have been exceptionally wide, a man more noble, gentle, lovable and true never lived.

In certain musical and beautiful words, written on a day in March, 1855, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow hallowed the city of Portland, Maine, where he was born, February 27, 1807, and where he passed his youth. He came of an old family, of Yorkshire, England, and on the maternal side he was descended from John Alden and Priscilla Mullens, of the Mayflower Massachusetts Colony. He was graduated from Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Maine, in 1825, and, after passing four years in travel and study in Europe, he occupied a chair in that college as a professor of modern languages. That office he held for more than five years, resigning it in 1835, in order to make another European tour, preparatory to the acceptance of a professorship of modern languages in Harvard University.

He was married, in 1831, to Miss Mary Potter, of Portland, who died in November, 1835, when traveling with him in Holland. In December, 1836, he established his residence in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and began his labor as a Harvard professor. In July, 1843, he was married to Miss Frances Elizabeth Appleton, of Boston, with whom, for eighteen years, he lived in perfect happiness, ended by her sudden, tragical death, by fire, in the summer of 1861. He resigned his office at Harvard University in 1854, and from that time till the last he devoted himself exclusively to literary authorship.

In 1866 he visited Europe for the third and last time, remaining there eighteen months. In the autumn of 1869 he returned to his home in Cambridge—an old Colonial mansion known as the Craigie House, and celebrated as having once been occupied by Washington—and there he resided till the end of his days. He died on March 24,

1882, and his body was buried beside that of his second wife in the cemetery of Mount Auburn, where rest the mortal relics of so many of his friends.

His works, in prose and verse—the first of which was Outre-Mer, published in 1835, and the last of which was Michael Angelo, published in 1883—fill eleven large volumes, and they have been translated, in all or in part, into fifteen languages. His bust, in Westminster Abbey—the first monument of an American author ever placed in that venerable temple—stands in the Poets' Corner, near to the effigy of Dryden, and looks across the graves of Beaumont, Cowley, Denham, Tennyson and Browning, to the hallowed spot where the dust of Campbell mingles with that of Sheridan, Henderson, Cumberland and Macaulay, and where the remains of Garrick, Doctor Johnson and Henry Irving slumber side by side.

A High Level of Poetical Expression

A REASON for thinking that Longfellow is the greatest of American poets, is the belief that he was more objective than any of the other bards, and was elementally actuated by an impulse of greater and broader design. Individual lyrics might be named that, perhaps, surpass in the element of passionate inspiration anything that proceeded from Longfellow's pen. Poe's Haunted Palace, Halleck's Marco Bozzaris, Story's Cleopatra and Whittier's St. John de Marta are types of splendid poetic emotion; but no other American poet has produced a fabric of imaginative poetry that rises to the height of Longfellow's Golden Legend and is sustained with such copious feeling and diversified with such affluence of invention, unflagging interest of material and perfection of taste.

Another reason why Longfellow stands foremost among our poets is, that he possessed and manifested a more comprehensive, various and felicitous command of his verbal art than has been displayed by any other American poet; while still another reason is that he speaks with a voice that is more universal than personal. Evangeline, The Building of the Ship, The Golden Legend, The Saga of King Olaf, Tales of a Wayside Inn and Hiawatha are works that illumine the general imagination, express the general human heart, and are fraught with the general life of man.

Longfellow once told me that he sometimes wrote poems which he considered too personal, too delicate, for publication; but he did not write exclusively for himself: he wrote for others; and, more fully than any other of the American poets, he represents the two cardinal principles which are of the highest import to the human race—nobility of individual life, and faith in the divine government of the world. He is absolutely pure; he turns to beauty everything that he touches; and he continually imparts that conviction of spiritual immortality which alone can lift mankind above the dread of death—that absolute trust in a celestial destiny which alone can inculcate patient endurance of our inevitable sorrows, the natural and unavoidable consequence of mortality. Much possible enjoyment of life is sacrificed in taking futile precautions as to the future: for, as said by Wordsworth and taught by Longfellow:

> Disasters—do the best we can—
> Will reach us great and small,
> And he is oft the wisest man
> Who is not wise at all.

Longfellow's place in literature is not among the marvels of creative genius, the portents that dazzle and bewilder—such as Milton, Dryden, Byron and Shelley—but with the benefactors of mankind that soothe and bless. Lowell associated him with the English poet, Thomas Gray, whose works, beautiful as they are (the immortal Elegy being unequaled by anything of the kind in our language), do not contain a tithe of Longfellow's humanity. To my mind he more resembles, in essential ways, the earlier English poet, Abraham Cowley. But, however that may be, his poetry takes a wide range, and it appeals to a vast number of persons, because it expresses for each one of them, simply, directly and admirably, the emotion that each one of them feels and would like to express. It may not always elevate the reader, but it always satisfies; and it always elevates the subject.

An anecdote, that is amusing and at the same time significant, was told to me by the clever, versatile, popular, much-lamented James R. Osgood, once so prominent as a publisher in Boston and London. Mr. Osgood, who began his career as a bookseller in the shop at "the Old Corner" of School and Washington Streets, Boston, was accosted in that shop (so he related) by a stranger, who expressed the wish to buy a volume of poetry, as a Christmas present for a girl. "I don't want Byron or Shelley," he remarked, "or anything of that kind; I want something like Longfellow. He suits the girls and he suits me. He's a good, *safe, family* poet."

In one point of view that remark might seem to be a disparagement, an implication of conventionality and commonplace. In another point of view it is a tribute. All thoughtful men are aware of the tremendous influence that reading exerts over the mind of youth. The things that we read when we are young sink deep into the memory and are never wholly forgotten. They color our thoughts and they more or less affect the conduct of our lives. Byron's Don Juan—considered with reference to its scope, its variety of subjects, its feeling, its humor, its wit, its worldly wisdom, its satire, its poetry and its wonderful mastery of the language—is one of the most colossal fabrics of literary art existent in any literature. Southey's Curse of Kehama, notwithstanding its supreme felicity of fancy and its exquisite finish of style, is rather a laborious composition. But there is no father who would not prefer that his child should read the Curse of Kehama rather than Don Juan.

The notion that everything should be generally read only because it happens to have been written, is radically mischievous as well as unsound. An idea has long been prevalent—and it happens to be more than commonly prevalent just now, because of a general trend toward luxury and sensuality combined with the admired publicity of decadent and degenerate authors and actors—that delirium is genius, and that without convulsion there cannot be power. It was said of the Scotch essayist, Gilfillan, that "He seemed to think himself a great painter because he painted with a large brush." "The very first time I saw that admirable woman," says Mr. Crummles, in Nicholas Nickleby—referring to his formidable wife—"she stood upon her head on the butt-end of a spear, surrounded with blazing fireworks." A certain fine frenzy is, doubtless, a part of the temperament of genius; but just as the sunshine permeates the universe without a sound, so

"Why, You Look More Like a Sea-Captain than a Poet" Ellen McConnell

does the magical light of genius illumine the human soul, without effort and without strife. The comet, seeming to flash lawless through the untraveled heavens, may prove a momentary wonder; the stupendous, calm order of the solar system, without which all life would instantly be hurled into chaos, is not simply a marvel: it is a perpetual blessing. Genius that is erratic and splendid shines but to dazzle, and it soon is quenched. The lasting value of genius is beneficence. "I have been, perhaps," said that great poet and still greater man, Sir Walter Scott, toward the close of his life, "the most voluminous author of the day, and it is a comfort to me to think that I have tried to unsettle no man's faith, to corrupt no man's principles, and that I have written nothing which, on my death-bed, I should wish blotted."

The Appeal to the Heart

LONGFELLOW made himself known to thousands of hearts, and every heart is purer and stronger for the knowledge of him. "Shall there be no repose in literature?" he once wrote. "Shall every author be like a gladiator, with swollen veins and distended nostrils, as if each encounter was for life or death?" How truly Longfellow was a poet of power—not the power that makes fireworks, but the power that can rise to the dignity of a great theme and evenly sustain itself in perfect poise—his noble poem of The Goblet of Life will testify. Nothing but poetic inspiration can account for such poems as his Sandalphon, The Beleaguered City, The Ballad of Carmilhan, The Open Window, Footsteps of Angels and The Chamber Over the Gate. Time may forget such narratives as The Courtship of Miles Standish and such plays as The Spanish Student; but never the sublime development of his Christus; never the solemn pæan of patient will that he uttered in The Light of Stars.

Disparagement of Longfellow began early, and, though not now often audible, it has continuously lasted. The Boston "transcendentalists" could not abide him. Certain foreign critics found him more "mediæval" than American. That eminent Catholic poet, the late Coventry Patmore—who wrote The Angel in the House, and who emitted the amazing announcement that Thomas Buchanan Read's autumnal poem of The Closing Scene is superior to Gray's Elegy—elegantly refers to him, in one of his published letters, as "Longwindedfellow."

Foreign Appreciation of Whitman

THE complaint—which more or less touches all American literature—proceeds now, as it has all along proceeded, from an irrational disposition, first to revert to the berserker state of feeling, and then to exact, from a new country, new forms of speech. Thus, for example, literary authorities in England, some of them conspicuous for station and ability, have accepted, and, in some cases, have extolled beyond the verge of extravagance, one American writer, the eccentric Walt Whitman, for no better reason than because he discarded all laws of literary composition, and, instead of writing melodious verse, composed an uncouth catalogue of miscellaneous objects and images, generally commonplace, sometimes coarse and sometimes foul. That auctioneer's list of topics and appetites, intertwisted with a formless proclamation of carnal propensities and universal democracy, has been hailed as grandly original and distinctively American, only because it is crude, shapeless and vulgar.

The writings of Walt Whitman, in so far as they are anything, are philosophy. They certainly are not poetry, and they do not possess even the merit of an original style; for Macpherson, with his Ossian forgeries, Martin Farquhar Tupper, with his Proverbial Philosophy, and Samuel Warren, with his tumid Ode, were extant long before the advent of Whitman. Furthermore, Plato's writings were not unknown, while the brotherhood of man had been proclaimed in Judea, with practical consequences that are still obvious. No author has yet made a vehicle of expression that excels, in any way whatever, or for any purpose, the blank verse of Shakespeare and Milton. In the hands of any artist who can use them the old forms of expression are abundantly adequate, and so, likewise, are the old subjects; at all events, nobody has yet discovered any theme more fruitful than the human heart, human experience, man in his relation to Nature and to God.

Invidious criticism of Longfellow's poetry was written, with peculiar zest, by Miss Margaret Fuller, a native of Cambridge, who married an Italian and became Countess Ossoli. She was a clever woman, of a somewhat tart temper, and prone to the peevish illnature of a discontented mind. In the early days of the New York Tribune she was a contributor to that paper and, more or less, I believe, to the perplexities of its eccentric founder, Horace Greeley. Both Longfellow and his wife spoke of her, to me, with obvious, though courteously veiled, dislike. Her health was not robust; she suffered from some form of spinal disease that caused her occasionally to wriggle when seated. She figures among the writers commemorated by the venomous industry of Rufus Wilmot Griswold, and she is chiefly remembered as having perished in a shipwreck on the southern coast of Long Island.

"The poet aims to give pleasure," Longfellow more than once said to me, "but the purpose of the critic is, usually, to give pain." Speaking of the numerous papers that were sent to him, containing notices of his poems, he told me that it was his custom never to read an article written in an unpleasant spirit. "If, after reading a few lines, I find that the intention is to wound," he said, "I drop the paper into the fire, and that is the end of it." A kindred feeling was expressed by Sir Walter Scott, who, referring to Jeffrey, the eminent Edinburgh reviewer, wrote: "I have neither time nor inclination to be perpetually making butterflies that he may have the pleasure of pulling their wings and legs off"; and again, remarking on the same subject, Scott said: "I would rather please one man of genius than all the great critics in the kingdom."

Longfellow, of course, knew that it is possible for criticism to be creative (as it sometimes is, and as notably it was when written by Matthew Arnold), and likewise that it can help the right by opposing the wrong; but his preference, always and rightly, was for the creative order of mind. One of the wisest and best of all precepts is expressed in his monition that "He who carries bricks to the building of every one's house will never build one for himself."

The most acrimonious critic of Longfellow's poetry was his famous contemporary, Edgar Allan Poe (1809-1849). Poe's criticisms of Longfellow are included in the standard edition of his works, edited by Stedman and Woodberry.

They are rank with injustice and hostility. In judging of the conduct and writings of Poe, however, allowance has to be made for the strain of insanity that was in him, and for the mordant bitterness that had been engendered in his mind by penury and grief.

Poe lived at a time when writers were very poorly paid, and furthermore his genius was of a rare and exquisite order, lovely in texture, sombre in quality, monotonous in its utterance, and utterly unfit for the hack-work of newspapers and magazines. His really appreciative audience is a small one, even now, and probably it will long, or always, remain a small one. Such poetry as his Haunted Palace—which is perfection—is seldom understood. The defects of his character and the errors of his conduct, moreover, were exaggerated in his own time and they have been absurdly exploited in ours. He was a brilliant and extraordinary man. The treasures of imaginative, creative, beautiful art, in prose as well as verse, that he contributed to American literature, are permanent and precious; and nothing in literary biography is more contemptible than the disparagement of his memory that continually proceeds through its pages, on the score of his intemperance.

I never read a sketch of Poe without thinking of Byron's reference to Dunlap's Life of George Frederick Cooke. "The parts he played," says Byron, "and the pints he swallowed are enumerated with scrupulous exactitude; and the wonder is that such a drunken actor should ever have found a sober biographer."

"I am Only a Professor"

The Disparagement of Poe and O'Brien

POE died in 1849, aged 40, leaving works that fill ten closely-packed volumes. No man achieves a result like that whose brain is ruined with stimulants. The same twaddle has been diffused about Fitz-James O'Brien, that fine poet and romancer, who died at 34—losing his life in the American Civil War—whose writings I collected and published. I have known O'Brien to have neither lodging, food nor money—to be, in fact, destitute of everything except the garments in which he stood. The volume of his works that I collected—including the remarkable stories of The Diamond Lens and The Wondersmith—is one of 500 pages; and there are other writings of his in my possession which would make another volume of equal size. He was an Irishman, and he knew and liked the favorite tipple of his native land; but it is to his genius that the world owes his writings, and not to his drams. Poe may have been afflicted with the infirmity of drink. My old friend John Brougham, the comedian, who knew him well, told me that Poe could not swallow even a single glass of wine without losing his head. But what does it signify, and why should a reader be perpetually told of it, whether he drank wine or not? His writings remain, and they are an honor to our literature; and that is all we need to consider. As Tennyson wrote:

> He gave the people of his best!
> His *worst* he kept: his *best* he gave.
> My Shakespeare's curse on clown and knave
> Who will not let his ashes rest!

The motive of the disparagement of Poe is envy. In an age of mediocrity inferior writers will always strive to degrade an exceptional genius. Shakespeare, who records everything, has happily recorded that. "He hath a daily beauty in his life that makes me ugly." "To some kind of men their virtues serve them but as enemies." "Will honor not live with the living? No. Detraction will not suffer it."

Among my valued relics is a piece of the coffin of Poe, taken from his grave when his remains were moved and reburied in Westminster churchyard, Baltimore, in October, 1875. He had lain in the earth for twenty-six years. That sombre memorial was sent to me by an old friend, John T. Ford, the once eminent theatrical manager, now dead and gone, and soon afterward I wrote, at his suggestion, and because of the effect of the relic, the poem that was read at the dedication of the monument, marking the place of Poe's final burial.

I once had a conversation with Longfellow concerning Poe. It was on an evening when I was sitting with him, at his fireside, and when I chanced to observe a little volume of Poe's poems on his library table. I inquired whether he had ever met with Poe and was assured that he had not. Longfellow opened the book and read aloud a few stanzas of the poem For Annie, remarking that one of them, containing the line, "And the fever called living is over at last," would be an appropriate epitaph for its writer. There was not even a shade of resentment in either his manner or voice.

"My works," he said, "seemed to give Mr. Poe much trouble; but I am alive and still writing." I remember that he mused a little, in silence, and then began to speak of the inexpedience of replying to attacks made in the press. "You are at the beginning of your career," he added, "and I advise you never to answer the attacks that will be made on you." It was wise counsel.

Only lately, reading in Hermann Boerhaave, I came upon a kindred thought: "Calumny and detraction are sparks, which, if you do not blow them, will go out of themselves." The persistent malevolence and misrepresentation with which Poe assailed the personal integrity and the writings of Longfellow might have been expected to inspire the elder writer with a lasting animosity: his feeling and tone, on the contrary, when referring to the subject, were those of compassion and tolerance. He understood the "genus irritabile," and he had deep sympathy with it.

I met him one night at a hall in Boston, and sat with him, at his expressed wish, to listen to a lecture by Charles Mackay, on Dibdin's Sea Songs. Mackay's verse is not generally read now, but it was popular once. He wrote it fluently and in abundance. One of his more ambitious fabrics relates to the Tarantula Dance: there is a fable that a person bitten by that venomous spider becomes delirious and must dance downward toward the sea. His best-known poem begins with the familiar line, "There's a good time coming, boys." He was a compact, burly, ruddy-faced little man, and a commonplace, matter-of-fact speaker, sincere and sensible. He gave a plain narrative of Charles Dibdin's life and quoted several of the songs, notably Tom Bowling; and he closed the discourse by reading one of his own graceful poems of sentiment, which he said he had that day written—prompted thereto by the sight of some daisies growing on Boston Common. Longfellow proposed that we should walk home together, it being a pleasant, moonlit night, and that we did—across the West Boston bridge, along the silent streets of the Port, over Dana Hill, past the red brick buildings of Harvard, and so onward to the gate of his mansion, in the Mount Auburn road, in old Cambridge, where we said good-night and parted. It is a long walk, but it seemed short to me; for the poet whom I so much loved and reverenced beguiled the time with pleasant talk about the sea, and about old ballads—particularly the Spanish Ballads of Lockhart—and, incidentally, about the delights and intrinsic rewards of poetry; and I recall it as one of the most delightful of rambles. Longfellow's voice was calm and sweet, and his companionship always caused peace. He spoke kindly of Charles Mackay's lecture; said that he had enjoyed it; and added that it was a spirit of comradeship that had led him to be present. "We must always do what we can," he said, "for our brother authors."

Mackay came again to America in the early days of the Civil War, resided in Staten Island, near to New York, and acted as correspondent of the London Times. Some readers, no doubt, are acquainted with his useful Memoirs of Extraordinary Popular Delusions. He participated in the literary turmoil that ensued when Harriet Beecher Stowe stirred up the Byron scandal, and he wrote a book, now out of print, on Medora Leigh. He was the father of the late Eric Mackay, a man of poetic genius, dead in his prime, who wrote several excellent lyrics, and from whom much might have been expected.

It is not every poet who possesses the sense of humor. The lack of that sense in Wordsworth caused effects that are lamentable. Tennyson mistakenly considered himself to be strongly humorous, and when likened to Shelley he replied, almost resentfully, "But Shelley had no humor!" Tennyson could be playful—sometimes grimly and bitterly so, sometimes sweetly and merrily so—but his humor was very mild. Longfellow's sense of humor, on the contrary, was exceedingly keen, and nothing comical escaped him.

Among the relics that he especially treasured was an inkstand, once the property of Coleridge. One day, showing that relic to a stranger who had called on him, he said, "Perhaps The Ancient Mariner was written from this." "Yes," said his visitor, "and The Old Oaken Bucket—who *done* that?" Another visitor, on asking his age and being told it was seventy, replied, "I've seen many men of your age who looked much younger than you do." A Newport bookseller said to him: "Why, you look more like a sea-captain than a poet!" An admirer, of the epistolary order, wrote to him, saying: "Please send your autograph in your own handwriting." He has recorded a characteristic dialogue with a strange lady, in black garments, who accosted him one summer morning at his house door:

"Is this the house where Longfellow was born?"

"No, he was not born here."

"Did he die here?"

"No, he is not dead."

"Are you Longfellow?"

"I am."

"I thought you died two years ago."

That recalls the intelligent remark made to Walter Savage Landor by a lady who wished to compliment him on his Pericles and Aspasia. "Mr. Landor," she said, "I haven't had time to read your Periwinkles and Asparagus, but I hear it is very good."

When the Piano Paid a Visit

HERO-WORSHIPERS sometimes act as well as speak in an eccentric manner. Looking from a front window of his dwelling, one day, Longfellow saw persons approaching across his lawn bearing a piano. The instrument was preceded by a lady who presently greeted him, saying that she had set one of his poems to music, and had now come to sing it to him; which she forthwith proceeded to do. He much enjoyed the humorous absurdity of such incidents, and he liked to recount them.

I was seldom in his company without hearing from him a comic story or a sportive comment. He was a happy man, and he liked to diffuse cheerfulness and to make everybody happy around him. His usual aspect was that of sweet, gentle, pensive composure, but his mood was often playful, and his appreciative enjoyment of anything humorous, while not demonstrative, was extreme. That enjoyment expressed itself in suppressed laughter and in a peculiar, low, delighted, caressing tone of voice. Speaking to me once about that admirable gentleman and rare poet, Thomas W. Parsons—who wrote the noble Ode on Dante, which is one of the veritable gems of our language—he related, with peculiar zest, a comic incident of personal experience with him. Parsons was a man of fine genius and of a lovely spirit, and, as sometimes happens with such natures, he was easily confused by wine, to the use of which, when careworn, he sometimes resorted. "One summer evening," said Longfellow, "I found Parsons roaming in my garden. He did not know me at the moment, but he greeted me affably, and he accepted my invitation to take a drive. I ordered my carriage to be brought to the gate, and we drove together to his home. He had not recognized me, and during the whole of the ride he talked to me about the poetry of Longfellow, abusing it as extremely bad and inviting my concurrence in that opinion—which, of course, I gave. He was an amiable man and one of my cherished friends, and nothing could have been more ludicrous

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Hero-Worshipers Sometimes Act as Well as Speak in an Eccentric Manner

The Catspaw—By van Tassel Sutphen

"Cast Off There!"

Phanuel Freemantle Plays Pirate

MR. PHANUEL FREEMANTLE looked up from his evening newspaper and turned to his wife.

"I beg your pardon, my dear, but what was that about Shellacres?"

"We have taken a house there for the summer."

"Really!" Mr. Freemantle looked astonished.

"We are all tired of Hill Farm, and I think that the children need the change to the salt air. At Shellacres the house fronts on the river, and we have our private bathhouses and floats. It was such an exceptional opportunity that I jumped at it." Now, Mrs. Freemantle was a large-sized woman, and from the determined expression of her face it was quite evident that when she did jump she was accustomed to land heavily. Mr. Freemantle attempted no expostulation in words, but he continued to look disturbed.

"It will be no farther for you to commute, and a much cooler ride."

"Umph!"

"Besides, I'm sure you'll enjoy being by the water as much as any of us. You ought to be something of a sailor yourself, after thirty-five years in the Custom House."

"Don't talk nonsense, Eliza." Mr. Freemantle flung away his cigar and relapsed into a pettish silence.

"Well, it's done and can't be undone," resumed Mrs. Freemantle. "We have decided to go down Monday night."

"I wash my hands of this affair," declared Mr. Freemantle coldly. And there the conversation rested.

Shellacres is primitive, but it enjoys the advantage of an unsurpassed location on the Wallabout, the latter being a tidal river that debouches into Hessian Bay and thence, through the lower ship channel, to the open ocean. An ideal place for all sorts of aquatic amusements, and only an hour's ride from the city. It was really a find, and the house turned out to be large, cool, and most comfortably furnished; when the family were installed there, on the aforesaid Monday week, Mr. Freemantle grudgingly acknowledged that it was better than he had expected.

"You'll be as crazy as the rest of us," affirmed Mrs. Freemantle confidently. "Isn't it a beautiful view?"

But Mr. Freemantle was not yet ready to surrender unconditionally. "I don't care for the water," he said stiffly. Mrs. Freemantle, being a wise woman, held her peace.

A week passed by. The little Freemantles were in raptures over the glorious usufruct of their new inheritance; they spent their entire days at the waterside, wading in the brackish pools, catching wonderful red, white and blue crabs off the pier-head, and navigating the broad-beamed punt within the safe inclosure of the boathouse basin. They grew brown as parched coffee berries, and Mr. Freemantle could not but observe how their appetites had improved. There was something in this sea air, after all, he thought.

Mr. Freemantle walked up the garden path with a somewhat sheepish expression on his middle-aged face.

"Why, whatever are you wearing on your head!" exclaimed Mrs. Freemantle. "A yachting cap!"

"It's cooler," explained Mr. Freemantle. "I only put it on after leaving the train." He walked on into the house.

"I think it very becoming," called out Mrs. Freemantle, and Mr. Freemantle heard her.

Two days later some bulky packages arrived from the city. With the assistance of the gardener and the coachman, Mr. Freemantle insisted on uncrating them immediately after dinner. There was a long ship's telescope mounted on a tripod; also a full-sized capstan.

"I picked them up second-hand at a ship-chandler's near the Custom House," remarked Mr. Freemantle carelessly. "Since we are at the seaside we might as well conform to the surroundings and have a little nautical atmosphere." He personally superintended the installation of the capstan on the lawn, and, with its rack of polished bars and its neatly-coiled hundred fathom hawser, it presented a commendably shipshape appearance. The telescope was placed on the piazza, and, Saturday afternoon, Mr. Freemantle brought down a barometer from the city and instructed the eldest boy how to take the readings.

"I'll get a log-book Monday," he said, "and you can then make the entries regularly, William. It will be an excellent mental discipline for you." Mrs. Freemantle continued to say nothing.

During the following week Mr. Freemantle made several other purchases, including a ship's binnacle, a large kedge anchor, and a brass saluting piece. He ordered the village carpenter to erect a signal mast on the lawn, and had it properly rigged by an old sailorman. On July the fourth he had the ensign raised, with appropriate formalities, and the national salute fired. "Hereafter," said Mr. Freemantle impressively, "the flag will be run up every morning at sunrise and lowered at sunset, the ceremony to be accompanied with the customary gun, as prescribed in the naval regulations. Arthur, this will be your duty, and here is the Naval Almanac which will give you the correct time for this longitude. My dear, I think that we ought to decide on an appropriate name for our summer home; what do you say to The Moorings?"

"Very nice, indeed," agreed Mrs. Freemantle. "Everything does look so nautical and pretty. Aren't you glad now, Phanuel, that we came to Shellacres?"

"I am beginning to enter into the spirit of the place," confessed Mr. Freemantle.

"And, after all, you *have* been thirty-five years in the Custom House. Nobody can deny that," added his wife.

Mr. Freemantle's Cheerful Babble Died Away into Inarticulate Gurglings

"My great-grandfather Hoagland was in the China trade," said Mr. Freemantle proudly. "He commanded the famous clipper ship, Typhoon."

"Of course he did."

"And I had an Uncle James who ran away to sea."

"It's in the blood, Phanuel; you can be assured of that," asserted Mrs. Freemantle triumphantly. "And there was my grandfather O'Brien who owned nearly all the capital stock in the Commonwealth Ferry. You see that you come by it naturally."

As the discussion proceeded Mr. Freemantle allowed himself to grow enthusiastic over the multifarious advantages of Shellacres. Yes, undoubtedly, they had done well to come here.

"The salt-water plunge every morning is so refreshing."

"And think of the ozone—oceans of it."

"It has made me ten years younger already."

"The children enjoy the punting immensely. There is the yawl; you might take up rowing again."

Mr. Freemantle looked conscious.

"What is it now?" demanded Mrs. Freemantle.

"Why, to tell the truth, I have been buying a boat, a motor-boat."

"Mr. Freemantle!"

"Indeed, Eliza, I picked it up at almost nothing, through my friend Hepburn."

"I never liked that Mr. Hepburn."

"It's an excellent model—the fashionable square stern, and beautiful lines. The complete equipment, you know—flags, cushions, awning, side-lamps and everything. An exceptional bargain."

"What is its name?"

"End Rush."

Mrs. Freemantle looked relieved. "Oh, I see!" she exclaimed. "Meaning that you're to take it easy. Don't hurry; put an end to the rush; go slow. Why, I think it a perfectly splendid name, Phanuel."

"You've quite missed the point," explained Mr. Freemantle testily. "The end rush is supposed to be the fastest man on the football team, and so it is a very proper name for a motor-boat. This one has thirty-five horse-power on the brake, and is guaranteed to develop seventeen miles an hour. I am going to cut circles around those old tubs you see out there on the river."

"I hope you won't live to regret this," said Mrs. Freemantle solemnly. As she walked away she wondered uneasily whether Mr. Freemantle was not entering rather too earnestly into the atmosphere of the place. She had not realized that he was so susceptible to outside influences. Could there be such a thing as a bacillus of the sea!

During the next few days Mr. Freemantle's interest in things nautical continued to increase by leaps and

bounds. He wore his yachting cap and white duck, rubber-soled shoes even when at business, and every night he brought home some new piece of marine flotsam from the ship-chandler's. The house was littered with seines, patent logs, oars, life-buoys and belaying-pins, and there had to be salt pork and plum duff at every other meal. Later, a complete set of signal flags was purchased, and William, Arthur and Phanuel, Jr., were organized into a wig-wagging corps. A ship's bell took the place of the "grandfather's" clock, and there was even some talk of dividing the family into port and starboard watches. Every evening Mr. Freemantle pored until midnight over the Elements of Navigation, the coast-survey charts, and the Pilot's *Vade Mecum;* on Sundays he religiously shot the sun, and he insisted on the boys working out problems in dead-reckoning in lieu of their customary religious lessons Mrs. Freemantle grew sick at heart, but she ventured on no open remonstrance.

The delivery of the End Rush had been delayed, but it finally arrived one Friday evening. After dinner the whole family went down to the basin to inspect the craft. Very beautiful she looked, as she floated gracefully on the water, resplendent in newly-varnished mahogany and polished brasswork. Even Mrs. Freemantle could not withhold her meed of admiration.

"Do you know how to run her?" she asked.

"Certainly," replied Mr. Freemantle. As a matter of fact, he had only been instructed in the rudimentary details of how to start and stop the motor. Of the essential principles of the gasoline explosive engine he was utterly and profoundly ignorant.

Early on Saturday morning Mrs. Freemantle was awakened by an extraordinary racket. The noise resembled that of a gigantic corn-popper, and was most distressing to the ear. Moved by a sudden suspicion, she glanced over at Mr. Freemantle's bed and saw that it was empty. She looked out of the window. The End Rush was afloat in the basin, and seated in her was Mr. Freemantle, clad in oilskins and a sou'wester. He was intent on manipulating various cocks and levers. Jets of red and blue flame were shooting from the engine bonnet, and, the muffler being cut out, the exhaust was making itself audible in short, terrifying barks.

Mrs. Freemantle was a woman of decision Hastily summoning the two elder boys she sent William to call the gardener and coachman. Then, accompanied by Arthur, she ran down to the boathouse.

"Got her running fine," shouted Mr. Freemantle. "Just wait until I have finished oiling. Then I'll take a little spin outside. Want to go along?"

Mrs. Freemantle said a few words, in an undertone, to the two men who had now appeared on the scene. Following her orders, they quietly rigged a stout manila line to

"We'll Get the Next One Plumb Amidships," He Thought

the capstan, and brought the free end to the boat basin. Mr. Freemantle was so occupied with the machinery that he took no notice when the gardener gave the cable a seamanlike bend about a cleat on the stern of the End Rush.

"Now we're off," announced Mr. Freemantle. He threw in the clutch and the screw began to revolve. The End Rush moved slowly through the water for about forty feet, when it was checked by the tightening of the hawser. Mr. Freemantle was momentarily disconcerted, but he was unaware of the true cause of the stoppage, and now that he had begun he was determined to put the thing through.

"Jingle bell for full speed ahead," he commanded, and gave the engine all the power possible. The motor throbbed and panted, the screw beat the water into foam, but still the line held and the End Rush remained stationary.

Mr. Freemantle took a hasty backward look, and his amazement deepened into anger. "Cast off there!" he shouted, but the two men were under Mrs. Freemantle's direct orders, and they made no move to obey. Then Mr. Freemantle tried cajolery.

"My dear," he began, "you are making me ridiculous. I assure you that I only intend to run out as far as the channel buoy. I must learn the management of the boat, and there is no time like the present. I promise to return immediately."

"For this first occasion," said Mrs. Freemantle firmly, "you will have to confine your cruise to the limits of the basin. I will instruct Wiggins to let out enough rope to take you to the gate, and that will give you plenty of room for all necessary evolutions

Mr. Freemantle coaxed, grew sulky, swore some, and finally pretended to submit. But Mrs. Freemantle was watching him closely, and she saw that he was meditating treachery. Suddenly Mr. Freemantle backed up so as to get as much slack as possible; then he put on the power and ran ahead, hoping to break his humiliating bonds. The cable trembled and groaned, but it was too strong to be broken thus.

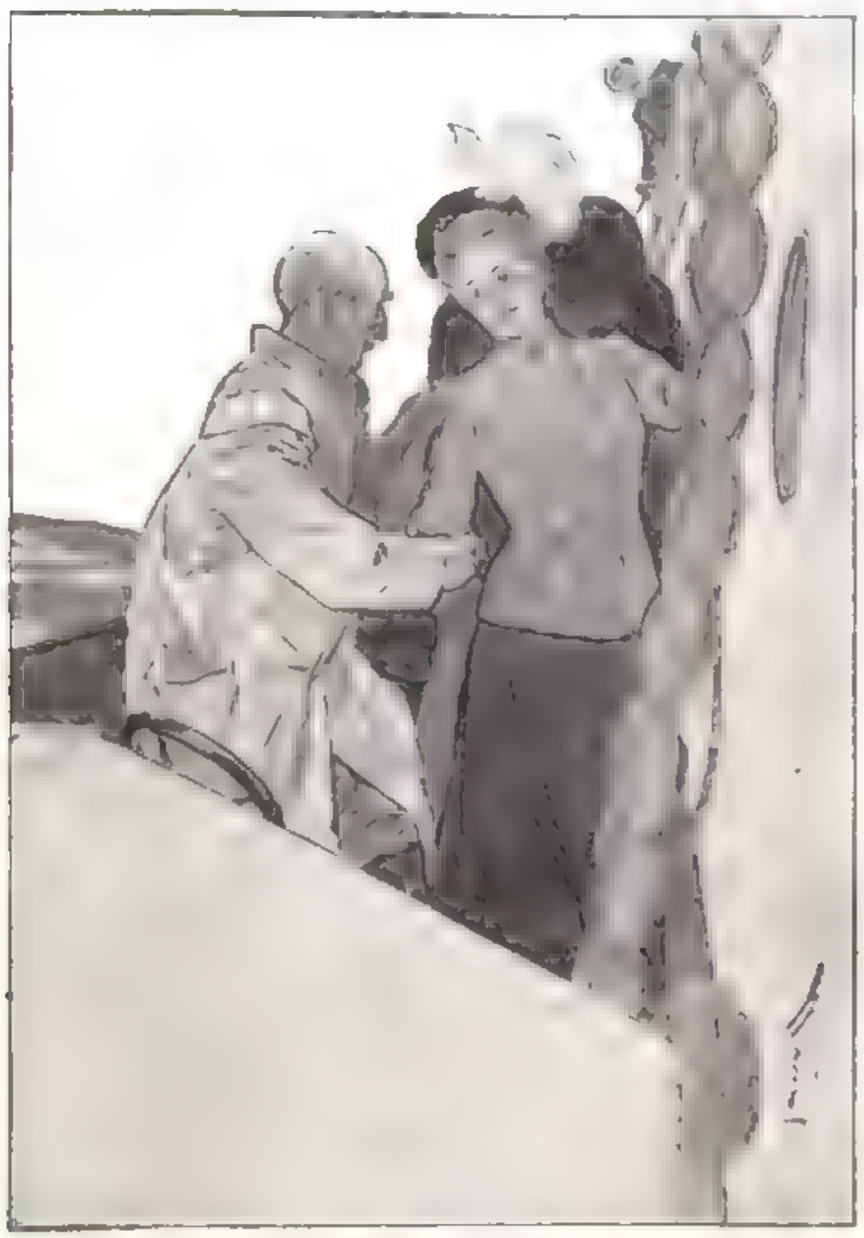
"That's enough," said Mrs. Freemantle sternly. "Pull him in."

Jenks, the coachman, and Wiggins, the gardener, together with the two boys, tailed on to the capstan bars. The End Rush, still spouting red, blue and yellow flame and snorting like a grampus, was ignominiously hauled back to the float. Mr. Freemantle, purplish and apoplectic, bounced out of the boat and started for the house.

"Come back and stop the engine," ordered Mrs. Freemantle.

"I won't," retorted Mr. Freemantle. "It's your affair now, and you can take care of it. I'm going for my train." He kept his word, and the End Rush continued to wallow and bellow at her moorings until Mrs. Freemantle could telephone to a local automobile garage for some one to come up and put the creature out of its misery.

When Mr. Freemantle returned home that evening he was still armored in dignified frigidity, but Mrs. Freemantle finally persuaded him to listen to reason, and a peace was patched up on condition that he should take regular lessons in the art of running a motor-boat from the expert at the garage. At the end of a week Mr. Freemantle received a diploma of competency, and was thenceforward allowed to command his own craft. As a matter of fact, he had learned nothing whatever of the principles of the explosive motor, but so long as things remained in adjustment he could handle the boat fairly well. It was a common experience for Mrs. Freemantle to receive word that the End Rush was lying motionless in the river, with Mr. Freemantle's shirt flying as a distress signal from a boathook. But it was a simple matter to order Jenks and Wiggins out with the yawl to tow Mr. Freemantle in, and then the expert from the garage would be summoned to put things straight. In other respects Mr. Freemantle was coming on nobly. He now rolled perceptibly in his gait, and could hitch up his trousers with the best of them. He also developed a fondness for black navy twist.



Mr. Freemantle Swelled with an Indescribable Emotion

Shortly after luncheon on this particular Saturday afternoon Mr. Freemantle sat at the wheel of the End Rush, which was bowling down the river at a smart clip. He was alone, for Mrs. Freemantle had not acquired, as yet, sufficient confidence in her husband's seamanship to accompany him outside of the boat basin. And, of course, she would not allow the children to go without her. As a consequent, Mr. Freemantle was on a solitary voyage.

But he did not care. The day was a beautiful one in August, the machinery was working like a charm, and the rush of cool air against his face and the occasional capful of spray were exhilarating in the highest degree. The joy of the strenuous life awoke in Mr. Freemantle's bosom as he drove along. The old order of things was behind him, swallowed up in the foaming swirl of the End Rush's phosphor-bronze screw. For these few brief hours, at least, he could forget that he was Phanuel Freemantle, secretary to the collector of the port, the father of four children, member of the Board of Education, and delegate to the Diocesan Convention. Ah, and in the days of real romance he might have been a viking, a sea-rover, a boon companion of Every and Teach and Captain Kidd. "As I sailed, as I sailed," hummed Mr. Freemantle. Those good old days, those good old days! Blood and gold; a wet sheet and a flowing sea; the wild flare of the smuggler's beacon; letters-of-marque and a barrel of rum—a brilliant phantasmagoria of romantic scenes floated before Mr. Freemantle's middle-aged eyes, and his breast heaved convulsively. "I wish for an adventure," he breathed audaciously, and, behold, one was awaiting him.

Half a mile above the debouchment of the Wallabout into Hessian Bay the river widens rapidly, and the shores, low and densely wooded, are indented by numberless smaller inlets and tidal creeks. As the End Rush sailed past one of these waterways Mr. Freemantle noticed a steam launch drawn up on the shore with two men working over her. Moved by an inexplicable impulse he gave the wheel a twist, and the motor-boat ran into the inlet. Reducing his speed to dead slow Mr. Freemantle speculated upon a sight so unwonted in this lonely and out-of-the-way spot. Curiosity got the better of him and he "ahoyed" the launch in his best nautical voice.

The men looked up from their work; there was something supicious about their startled glances, and Mr. Freemantle immediately scented unlawful mystery. "See you've had an accident," he called out. "Want any assistance?"

The taller of the two men, a black, beetle-browed rascal, with all the air of your veritable picaroon, nodded surly assent. "Won't you come ashore?" he said.

The bow of the End Rush sank gently into the soft ooze. Master Black-a-vise lent a helping shoulder, and the motor-boat was safely beached. Mr. Freemantle disembarked, and looked about him jauntily.

"You don't happen to be up on steam-engines?" inquired the tall ruffian. "There's something gone wrong with the valve stems of the steam-chest, and I'm no mechanic."

"Sorry," responded Mr. Freemantle, "but that's out of my line." He inspected the launch engine with a disparaging eye. "The explosive motor's the thing nowadays," he continued. "You know where you're at with gasoline, and I don't want any blooming teakettle in mine, thank you."

The Othello-like gentleman swore comprehensively, and entirely agreed with Mr. Freemantle. "I'll know more about it next time," he said truculently. "But it's what to do now?"

"Well, I can give you a lift out of here," suggested Mr. Freemantle. "I'll run you over to Bay Beach, if you say so."

"You're very good," said the stranger. "Perhaps I should introduce myself." He handed Mr. Freemantle a card on which was inscribed the name, Gilledieu Montacute. Mr. Freemantle was much impressed. Gilledieu Montacute—there was a fine mouth-filling flavor about that.

"Very glad to meet you, Mr. Montacute. I haven't a card with me, but my name is Freemantle—Phanuel Leggett Freemantle. I am living at Shellacres for the summer, the third house on the left from the village pump."

"Ah, yes. Well, it's most courteous of you to offer to take us over to Bay Beach. But, to be quite frank, I should like to trespass somewhat further on your good nature. It is necessary for me to be two or three miles out at sea by four o'clock this afternoon in order to speak one of the Southern steamers. She is due to pass the Twin Star lighthouse point at that time. Now, if you could find it in your power to oblige us——"

"Really, I'm sorry," explained Mr. Freemantle. "But it would make me late for dinner to run out so far. You see, Mrs. Freemantle has some old friends—the Garrisons—and they are coming down just for the evening, intending to return by the 9:43 train. Charming people they are, and I should like you to know them. You can understand that I wouldn't want to disappoint them, especially after solemnly promising Mrs. Freemantle——"

Mr. Freemantle's cheerful babble died away into inarticulate gurglings. He was looking straight down the muzzle of a sawed-off .44, and Mr. Montacute's pistol-hand was rocklike in its steadiness.

"I can't stop to argue this out," explained Mr. Gilledieu Montacute. "You will consider your boat commandeered, Mr. Freemantle, and yourself under my orders. Let me warn you that I do not speak twice."

Mr. Freemantle contented himself with a dignified bow. In spite of the humiliation he was suffering he yet felt a certain secret and fearful joy in this situation, so incredibly romantic. Under peril of his life he was about to take part in a mystery undoubtedly unlawful, and most probably criminal. True, it was an unpleasant sensation—having a loaded revolver pointed at one's breast—but there were compensations. He would not have to be polite to Mrs. Garrison (whom he detested) and he would be spared Mr. Garrison's reminiscences of Antietam.

The other man came up from the waterside, where he had been examining the motor-boat with careful interest. He was a slightly-built chap, exceedingly youthful in appearance and handsome as a Greek god. Such a pink-and-white complexion, and red-gold hair that glinted like polished metal where the sunlight struck it! Mr. Freemantle could not take his eyes off of him.

The young gentleman said something, in a low tone, to his companion, and Mr. Montacute started. "The devil you say!" he exclaimed. He looked hard at the End Rush and then at Mr. Freemantle, who felt most uncomfortable, without knowing in the least why.

Montacute, accompanied by the young man, walked down to the motor-boat, and Mr. Freemantle followed diffidently.

"You're quite right, Frank," said the black-browed man. "It's the same old galley, God bless her!" A devil-may-care gleam lit up his sombre eyes. "What do you say to 'mounting the red'?" he went on. "The lady's change costume must be still on board, and we've plenty of time."

"It would be the larky thing to do," admitted Frank, "but a bit risky, don't you think?"

"On the other hand, it might be the saving of us. Supposing we were chased and could slip behind one of these islands for five minutes—what then?"

"Perhaps you're right; anyway, I'm agreeable."

Mr. Montacute jumped into the boat and, ripping up the carpet that covered the cockpit floor, he fumbled for a moment with a spring. A section of the flooring, that had appeared to be perfectly solid, moved back, disclosing a fairly large compartment between the bottom boards and the outer planking, filled with a variety of objects, whose very existence had been quite unsuspected by Mr. Freemantle. From a bundle of tools he selected two stout screwdrivers, and handed one to Master Frank. "Begin at the bow," he said curtly.

The two men started in on their task, regarding the presence of Mr. Freemantle no more than though he had been one of the teetering snipe that were flying about the place. Working quickly and deftly, they took out a number of screws fixed in a narrow board that ran around the hull, just below the deck-combings. With the screws removed the strip came off in several sections, revealing a bright-scarlet band that materially altered the appearance of the End Rush. From the compartment in the hold, Mr. Montacute drew out two false ventilators, which he set in position on the forward turtleback. Next came a one-pound rapid-fire gun, mounted on a low carriage that permitted it to revolve over three-fourths of a circle. This was installed on the after deck, its base fitting into a brass chock, whose utility had often puzzled Mr. Freemantle. The gun looked wicked and businesslike.

Again Mr. Montacute rummaged in that mysterious compartment and produced a pair of painted canvas

"We are Going Back to Hill Farm," Explained Mrs. Freemantle Briefly

shields that fitted neatly over the words End Rush on each bow. Mr. Freemantle slowly spelled out the letters of the new name, and shuddered. Mortmain! What a fearful significance in the word! He shut his eyes and tried to make himself believe that it was all a horrid dream. But when he opened them again the dreadful metamorphosis still persisted; moreover, a new flag was flying at the stern—a blood-red square bearing a skull and crossbones in black. Mr. Freemantle endeavored to reassure himself by recalling the fact that the veritable Jolly Roger was invariably black, with its unhallowed charges done in white, but the difference was of small importance; there could be no real doubt as to the sinister meaning that lay behind that flaming red ensign.

Mr. Montacute stepped back, and surveyed his work with all the pride of your professional decorator. "The old girl dresses up as prettily as ever," he said affectionately. "Ah, many's the devil's dance my Lady Mortmain has had along these blind sea alleys. Here's to your old partners, madam—Shifty Sam and Bill the Bender." He broke into a hoarse chantey:

"And we buried him in the lowlands,
Lowlands, lowlands—
And we buried him in the lowlands low."

The boy Frank chimed in with a curiously indefinite but mellow second, and Mr. Freemantle felt the sensation of a cold draft between his shoulder-blades.

"Time we're off," remarked Frank. He dived into the secret compartment once more, and pulled out three black demi-masks. Mr. Freemantle donned the one handed him and enjoyed a thrill of ecstatic terror. This was certainly the sort of thing you read about.

The End Rush, now the Mortmain, was pushed off, and Mr. Freemantle was instructed to drive the boat in strict conformity to the orders of Mr. Montacute. "Otherwise you will be finding trouble," concluded that gentleman, tapping the butt of his revolver in true piratical fashion.

The motor-boat ran quickly through Hessan Bay and headed out to sea. Under instructions, Mr. Freemantle gave all other craft a wide berth, and the Mortmain pursued her solitary course unnoticed and unmolested. At four o'clock they were some three miles from shore and running straight down the coast. Several inbound steamers had been passed, and now Frank pointed out a smudge of smoke lying SSE. "That should be the Steamer Lucie," he said. Montacute took the binoculars, and kept them focused on the advancing vessel.

"Black stack with two yellow bands," he announced at last. "It's the Steamer Lucie, all right. Better get the signals ready, Frank. Let her run off half a point, Freemantle; easy now, as you go."

The two boats were within a mile of each other. Frank liberated two red and blue toy balloons, and Montacute dipped the ensign. "The secret code for their confederates on board," thought Mr. Freemantle, with a shiver.

The Steamer Lucie was plowing past within easy hailing distance. Her port rail was lined with people who seemed to take much interest in the unusual appearance of the Mortmain. An officer on the bridge held up a megaphone. "What boat is that?" he asked in a voice that quavered slightly. There was no reply from the Mortmain and the liner passed on; it struck Mr. Freemantle that she was glad to get out of such questionable company. It is not every day that the skipper of a peaceful merchant vessel encounters an armed launch, manned by masked desperadoes and flying a buccaneer flag—all this almost under the very muzzles of the Fort Carson guns. Of course, it might be a joke, or even an advertisement for a comic opera company, but then again it might not; better to take no chances.

Mr. Freemantle had been expecting that something would happen, and, just as the Steamer Lucie swept by and the motor-boat was bobbing about in her troubled wake, something did. A bulky package was hoisted on the steamer's taffrail and then dropped resoundingly in the sea.

"There it is!" shouted Mr. Montacute exultingly, and ordered Mr. Freemantle to steer for the mysterious object that had now come to the surface and was floating quietly. It was immediately hauled aboard and deposited in the cockpit. It appeared to be a box about four feet long and eighteen inches square, securely wrapped in waterproof sheeting. What could it possibly contain?

Mr. Freemantle's fervid imagination had been at work, and he thought that he knew. "Contraband of war," he said under his breath. "Arms and munitions: this is some filibustering business." He quite forgot that no revolution of consequence was now in progress in the State of New Jersey. But the explanation was the obviously romantic one, and Mr. Freemantle stuck to it. By George! but this was a ticklish affair; he did not quite see how he was to manage it.

"Full speed back to—what d'ye call it?—Goosequill Creek," commanded Mr. Montacute; "where my launch is, you know."

Now, according to all the rules governing romantic adventure, Mr. Freemantle should be preparing his countercheck, some brilliant coup that would result in the turning of the tables on this audacious miscreant. But for the life of him he could not think of anything practicable, and there was the insistent pressure of that confounded pistol-muzzle at the small of his back. So Mr. Freemantle temporized and obeyed; perhaps he might stumble on an inspiration during the run home. Of course it was intolerable that this villainy should be accomplished; he must find some means of circumventing it. But, oh, it was a precious muddle.

And yet, as it turned out, Mr. Gilledieu Montacute's sailing was not to be so plain, after all. As the motor-boat headed in for Hessan Bay a white-hulled, rakish-looking craft left the Government Pier at Point Breeze, a couple of miles away. Montacute uttered a fearful objurgation and seized the binoculars.

"She is flying the Treasury flag," he said. "Must be the Waterwitch. And she is steering at just the angle to cut us off. What does it mean?"

Frank pointed to the Twin Star lighthouse which was now directly abeam. "I think I understand it," he said slowly. "Some one at the light must have been watching us through a telescope. Our appearance is somewhat peculiar, and then, too, the throwing over of the box and our taking it aboard. It couldn't but look suspicious, and there is a handy telephone from the lighthouse to Point Breeze. The cutter is, evidently, coming out to investigate."

"Port your helm!" said Montacute sharply. "The only chance is to get under shelter somewhere—Diamond Island or the Sisters. Ten minutes will be enough to dismount the red and cache the stuff. Ten minutes—if we can get them. What's your speed, Freemantle?"

"Seventeen miles, at a pinch."

"Well, pinch her, then. The Waterwitch is the fastest boat around here, but we have some two miles start in a straightaway. I needn't caution you to be careful, Freemantle. If your engines stop, for any cause whatever, I'll turn you into a colander. Understand?"

(Continued on Page 45)

The Battle of the Bottle

Wanted

100 Boys for New Customers. Most of Our Old Customers are Rapidly Dropping Out.

10 committed suicide last week.
20 are in jail—8 are in the chain-gang.
15 were sent to the poorhouse—one was hanged.
3 were sent to the insane asylum.
Most of the balance ain't worth fooling with—they've got no money.
We are just obliged to have new customers—fresh young blood,
Or we will have to shut up shop.
Don't make any difference whose boy you are—we need you. You will be welcome.
If you once get started with us we guarantee to hold you. Our goods are sure.
Come early—stay late.

OPELIKA SALOONS, Proprietors.

(The above was used with telling effect by J B Green, Superintendent M. E. Sunday-school at Opelika, on Sunday morning, September 30th, Temperance Sunday.)

The Firewater Crisis in Alabama

By Harris Dickson

"ALA BAMA," said the wandering chieftain to his braves—which means "Here we rest." Then he picked out a soft place on the ground and sat down to watch his squaws put up the tents.

This was many strings of lives ago, according to the Indian legend. The Firewater Man had not yet come to Alabama, so the old chief did not mean to include him in the general scheme of rest. And the Firewater Man in that State has had no rest these many weary moons.

For the tribe of An-Ti-Sa-Loon,
Leagued with all the Pro-Hi-Bi-Shuns
Vowed to Manitoo the Mighty,
Vowed they'd hunt and slay and burn him,
Camp with him at his down-sitting,
Make it joyful at his rising,
Neither sleep nor peace permit him,
That they'd wear his scalp as trophy,
Tan his hide to make their leggings,
Wipe him out, and all his Nation.

Thus they kept him on a hustle,
Jumped him like a Jack-o'-Rabbit,
Scared him hot-foot from his wigwam,
Hunted him through field and forest,
Chased him out of old Escambia,
Out of Cherokee and Choctaw,
Out of many pleasant places
In the land of Ala Bama,
Bound him to the stake at Coosa,
Got his scalp at Tus Ca Loosa,
Penned him up for final skinning
Where his wigwams were the thickest
In the Village of Mobilians;
Drove him to the mine and furnace
In the flaming Magic City,
In the City of his Temple.

There is more truth than poetry in this jingle. The liquor men of Alabama now speak of the Anti-Saloon League as the kind-hearted old lady once spoke of the Devil. She was exceedingly charitable and found a good word to say for everybody. A neighbor having mentioned the Devil somewhat disparagingly, she remarked: "You will admit he is a very *industrious* old gentleman."

The battle is on in Alabama, a combat to the death and no quarter to be shown. For years this storm has been brewing in country districts; at first the liquor men laughed at the hayseeds, for their cyclone cellars were deep and their traffic strongly fortified. But they have quit laughing.

As in other Southern States, the crossroads doggery, that villainous vedette of the traffic, was first attacked and demolished. By special acts of the Legislature prohibiting the sale within five miles of certain schoolhouses and churches the barroom was driven out of the country into incorporated towns where it would be under police restraint. Very early in this conflict it developed that many people were opposed to the saloon itself, not only in the country districts, but in the towns as well. As they did not then feel strong enough to vote them out, they steered a middle course and adopted a local dispensary law. This gave the people in each town of five thousand inhabitants the choice between saloons run by individuals and a dispensary run by the community. It was a municipal monopoly of the liquor traffic, and the profits were used for public improvements.

The municipal council elected a dispenser and he chose his assistants. Expert tests were made to secure only the purest liquors and avoid adulterated stuff. The dispensary was generally kept in a storehouse having nothing but liquor on its shelves—no chairs, no tables, no lounging places and no music. There was no ice to tinkle, no glass to clink, no mirrors; it lacked all the attractions of a modern saloon. Liquor was not allowed to be drunk on the premises; the customer bought his bottle and went away. Consequently, there was no disorderly crowd; the loafer kept his distance; the bum who waited for a treat soon realized that he was grazing in a barren pasture.

The dispensary opened at 6 A. M. and closed at 6 P. M. No night sales. It held out no lure to the man of family, and invented no fantastic excuses for his wife at home. Many good people regarded this system as a step in advance of the open saloon and supported it while waiting for something better. With them it was a means and not the end, a halting-place on the road to Prohibition.

The Alabama dispensary developed as a "beat" or county institution, differing from that in South Carolina, which was a creature of the State at large. Being closer at home it could be narrowly watched.

Si Pridgeon's Little Dodge

ONE system brings on another. The dispensary brought on the drinking-room near by, a fair type being that of old Si Pridgeon. Uncle Si had a shanty where those who were wearied and athirst might be comforted. The wayfarer had but to enter his hospitable home, give Uncle Si a quarter, and that kind-hearted soul would do the rest. Forthwith he marched to the dispensary and purchased the liquor. Beneath the sacred shelter of his roof-tree his guests tickled their tongues in peace.

Upon these unselfish errands Uncle Si trudged back and forth, sunny-natured, silent and uncomplaining. It mattered not how many trips he made, how much oil was needed for their lubrication, or how many bottles he brought. And did Uncle Si labor for reward or take money for his pains? Oh, no; his simple soul revolted at the thought. "Jes' leave yo' bottles, boys," he said.

When his guests were gone Uncle Si washed these bottles and sorted them with loving care. For the bottles paid the rent; they kept a bit of silver always in his pockets, and Uncle Si rejoiced in welldoing.

Growlers began to say rude and angry things concerning the dispensary, even to whisper "graft," and a shrinkage of profit below the normal fifty per cent. For instance, the dispensary in one town produced a profit of fifteen thousand dollars in one year. In the next town, where people were just as thick, just as thirsty and just as liberal, the same institution yielded only five thousand dollars.

The dispensary system is on the wane. Within the last half-year seven of them have been closed, leaving their counties drier than Sahara.

Prior to the meeting of the Legislature in 1907 State-wide agitation was begun for a county local option law.

For the License Voter

From a Bushel of Corn the Distiller Gets Four Gallons of Whisky

Which retails at . .	$16.80
The farmer gets	.45
The U. S. Government gets	4 40
The railroad company gets .	.80
The manufacturer gets .	4 00
The drayman gets . . .	.15
The retailer gets . . .	7.00
The consumer gets	Drunk
The wife gets	Hunger
The children get .	Rags
The politician gets .	Office
The man that votes license gets	What?

Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that puttest thy bottle to him, and makest him drunken also.—*Hab. 2: 15.*

Effectively Used in a No-License Campaign

Our Boys

The following extract is from the speech of one of the officers of the Ohio State Liquor League:

It will appear from these facts, gentlemen, that the success of our business is dependent largely upon the creation of an appetite for drink. Men who drink liquor, like others, will die, and if there is no new appetite created our counters will be empty, as will be our money drawers. Our children will go hungry, or we must change our business to something more remunerative. The open field for the creation of this appetite is among the boys. After men are grown and their habits are formed they rarely change in this regard. It will be needful, therefore, that missionary work be done among the boys, and I make the suggestion, gentlemen, that nickels expended in treats to the boys now will return in dollars to your tills after the appetites have been formed. Above all things, create appetites.

Here is the full diabolism of the saloon set forth in plain, ungarnished terms that makes a man's blood course more quickly; and, further, it makes it mighty hard for fatherhood to continue patient and temperate in thought and utterance on this temperance question.

—Alabama Citizen, October 10, 1906.

For thirty years the firm of Booze & Boodle—so called—had dominated Alabama Legislatures, and the clamor of a few backwoods counties was not regarded with any particular alarm. Dozens of flurries like this had blown over, and no one was frightened. But they did more than agitate; the Anti-Saloon League got out and went to work. They put their shoulders to the wheel. Cranks? Yes, but a crank is a contrivance to make things turn. Things began to turn in Alabama.

They launched their campaign for a "sane, reasonable, democratic, American law giving to each county the right to vote upon the question whether or not liquors should be sold within the counties." Behind this was the undisguised purpose of Prohibition as their ultimate goal.

There are sixty-seven counties in Alabama. At this time twenty-two of them were dry under special acts; twenty-one had licensed saloons; fifteen had dispensaries; nine had both dispensaries and saloons.

The Genesis of County Local Option

THE Legislature met on January 7 and the County Local Option Bill was introduced. The Liquor Lobby, headed by the experienced "Senator-at-Large," made determined efforts to defeat this measure by substituting "Beat Option" in its stead. Their purpose was manifest. Rural communities in Alabama are uniformly for Prohibition, and the liquor interests feared these votes would carry many a county dry. Whereas, if towns and cities were permitted to vote separately, each for itself, beat by beat, the sale of whisky might be saved and a few bungholes left unstopped.

Some one suggested a State Prohibition Law, but it did not pass, many Anti-Saloon leaders opposing it. As a reason for this two stories were whispered around the Capitol at Montgomery. First, the well-paid officials of the League would lose fat jobs if Prohibition actually carried for the State. Second, in passing their county option bill the League leaders had been compelled to make certain pledges, among others that they would not ask for a State Prohibition Law at that session.

In reply the League leaders gave their reasons. They had determined to make haste slowly; they feared the time was not yet ripe for State Prohibition; they thought it better to capture county by county, building up strength and weakening the opposition. Every liquor dealer that they put out of business meant a loss of many votes to the other side. They planned to nibble and nibble at the traffic until it was small enough to be taken in one big bite. This would insure State Prohibition at the opportune time, and would also educate public sentiment so that the law could then be enforced. Their power was growing every day and they could afford to wait.

Never, perhaps, in the history of legislation was so much smoke raised by such a tiny spark of fire. Twelve members of the House Committee recommended the "County Option Bill"; seven members recommended "Beat Local Option" as a substitute. The liquor men claimed fifty-three votes, exactly half the members of the House, and made a desperate fight to substitute the "beat" for the "county" measure. The Prohibitionists unlimbered their heaviest artillery and shelled the woods. After debating a day and a half it came to a vote—

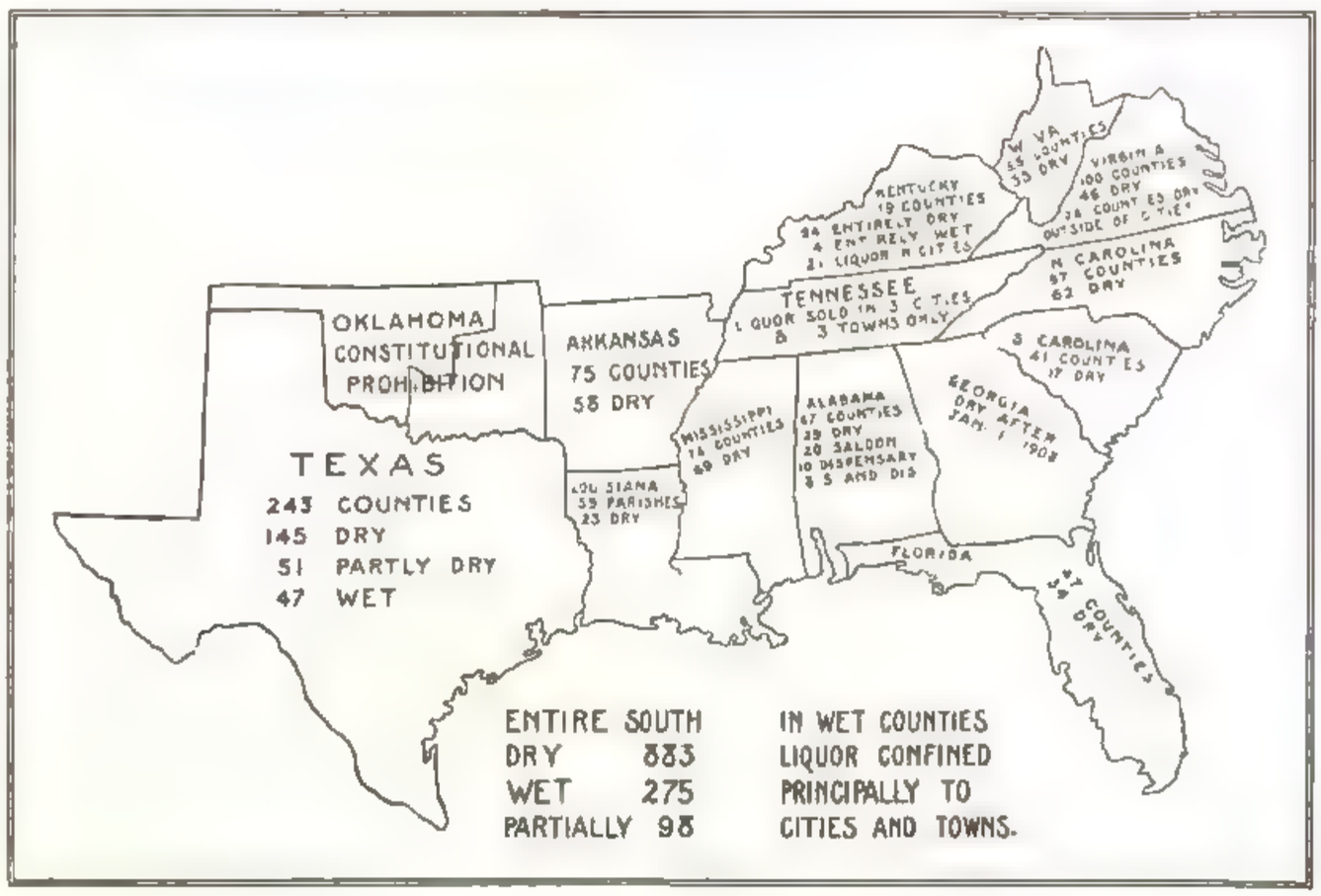
eighty-one for the bill and *two* against it. "Look here," said the Prohibitionists, "were you the only two fellows making all that fuss in these woods?" The kickers may have been joking, meaning to vote for the bill at last; maybe they could not stand the pressure. But, when only two men came marching out with the honors of war, it seemed a shame to take the money.

The Liquor Lobby immediately transferred its energies to the Senate. The fight in that body was noisier and fiercer, and the end more ludicrous than that in the House. Eleven amendments were offered, debated and wrangled over. But, after all their talk, only *one single Senator* stood by his colors to the end and voted against the bill – the last rose of summer left blooming alone. His name began with a B, he was well up at the head of the roll, and perhaps he did not know that the others were going to run. On February 26 Governor Comer signed the bill. One effect of the new law was to preserve intact all territory previously gained by the League—they took precious good care to risk nothing. But it precipitated a struggle for every inch of ground occupied by a saloon or dispensary.

The League was not done; an even greater victory was yet to come in the Sherrod Anti-Shipping Law, a solar plexus to the jug trade.

People in the dry counties had long been noticing a queer lot of barrels being shipped among them, marked "hardware," and it made the drunk come. There was a peculiar kind of "kerosene" which was bottled in bond and highly exhilarating. Beer sailed under the innocuous flag of "ginger ale," or "hop-jack," or it entered anonymously. The indignant people of dry districts determined to obliterate this practice—hence the Sherrod bill.

This drastic measure makes it unlawful for any person, firm or corporation to accept any liquors for shipment, transportation or delivery into a Prohibition district. It forbids their delivery in dry territory and puts the ban on whisky drummers. A violation costs five hundred dollars and six months at hard labor. Only three Senators and two Representatives voted against it, such was the animosity to the jug trade.



"Bubble, Bubble, Toil and Trouble"

THE League proposes to go further. As the law now stands, a dealer in Mobile or Birmingham cannot ship a thimbleful of whisky to a dry town in the State. But the dealer at Pensacola, Florida; Chattanooga, Tennessee; or Louisville, Kentucky, may dump it in by the carload. That is interstate commerce, which the State of Alabama is powerless to restrict. Bills are now pending, however, in the Congress of the United States, the effect of which will be to leave each particular State in full control of this traffic, as a part of its police power.

The prophet must be very blind who cannot see the influences which could be enlisted at once for such a measure—the solid South, Maine, Dakota, Oklahoma, Kansas, half of Indiana, etc.—this for a nucleus. Blinder yet must be the prophet who cannot foresee the powerful array against it of brewers, distillers and wholesalers, with millions of money to spend in fighting for their lives.

These measures put the Alabama liquor interests on a hot griddle. Even the dealers in Mobile began to sit up and take notice that the law had some rights which it might be expedient for the dive to consider. The mayor suggested closing the saloon doors on Sunday, but, lo and behold! the saloon had no doors—doors had long since been taken off their hinges and thrown away. Meanwhile those up-State fanatics were clamoring. Brennus was at the gates of Rome. A loaf must be tossed over the city walls.

Upon this melancholy occasion the leading Mobile daily spake thus:

> The liquor sellers must get together, form a law-and-order league, giving the mayor the help he demands; and, moreover, this must not be a spasmodic effort, but be kept alive for good and all.

With an almost English density no one appreciated the delicious humor of such a law-and-order league. None saw the fun of it, for the situation was no joke.

Mobile, thereupon, presented the humiliating spectacle of a powerless law calling upon the lawbreakers to make a nice new rule for themselves. The liquor men held their meeting with the mayor and chief of police. Fifty-nine retailers promised to be reasonably good—or decently careful. There was no time limit, no compulsion, nothing rude or unladylike in the whole affair. It was done as a gracious act of courtesy toward the fellow upon whose sore toe they had trod. When they tire of being good they can go back to their old ways, being responsible to no power save their self-enacted law.

The distinguished "Senator-at-Large" travels the State with his ear to the ground for earthquakes. Being wiser than his generation he is warning the liquor men to obey the law -to obey all laws, however drastic. Curiously enough, he expressed himself in favor of a bill to edurate the children of the State on the evil effects of intemperance. "It is not the use, but the abuse of whisky," he says, "that causes objection to its sale. It is the drunkard that brings reflection upon the whisky traffic. Every good citizen is against the so-called low dives. The decent saloon is bitterly against the low dive."

It is an undeniable fact that, while many wholesalers and trade papers express themselves in this way, they make no determined effort to suppress the dive until the outraged people threaten to destroy the entire traffic, root and branch. For instance, in the town of Hurley, Wisconsin, the authorities decided to enforce a Sunday-closing law. The saloonists held a meeting, defied the law, and pledged themselves to support any member who might be arrested for its violation. A report of the matter in the public press concludes lamely: "The local authorities have not decided as to what they will do, but, *if citizens make complaints*, there will be arrests."

This is the old, old story of saloon regulation. Officeholders, dependent on the liquor vote for their offices, stand aside and wait for citizens to enforce the law—wait for volunteers to perform the service for which officers are paid and sworn. There are few cities in America where this situation has not arisen, and in hundreds of places it exists to-day.

United They Fall

WHEREVER the saloon man is strong enough to defy the law he does defy it. First the dive keeps brazenly open; then the so-called "decent saloon," instead of helping suppress the dive, opens its own doors because its competitor has done so. That puts the decent saloon and the dive in precisely the same noose—thenceforward they must hang together, or hang separately. To keep from hanging, they must control the politics of hamlet, city and nation.

The dive and the decent saloon have stood shoulder to shoulder against all protest and in violation of every law. Now, in the State of Alabama, they must fall together and lie in the same grave. The trade itself has drawn no distinction which is visible to the naked eye; an indignant people will draw none at all. The decent saloon makes the dive its excuse for staying open, and the people will make the dive their excuse for closing both.

Honorable John L. Burnett, a Member of Congress from Alabama, outlines the situation very clearly: "In the first place, I think there is a great moral and religious awakening on the subject of temperance. Business men are beginning to realize the fallacy of the claim that Prohibition is hurtful to business. The business world is demanding greater sobriety than ever on the part of employees, and realizing that to enforce this demand the temptation of the saloon must be removed.

"I am of the opinion that the negro question has had something to do with this upheaval, in this way: the saloon men, many of them, disregarded law and decency, and established low dives in all the large towns where the worst element of negroes would flock and the worst kind of crimes be committed. A notable instance of this was in Atlanta, Georgia.

"Again, the liquor element, wherever it has been sufficiently strong, has become arrogant and lawless, and has, by selling to minors and drunkards, and by selling on Sunday, brought down on itself the righteous indignation of law-abiding people. I do not believe it possible to have a decent municipal government where it is dominated by the whisky element."

The flutter among the liquor interests in Mobile became consternation in Birmingham. Mayor Ward of that city had been elected by a Reform element, which, however, had not been strong enough to land a majority of the municipal council. The mayor and the "administration minority" made ineffectual efforts to pass an ordinance for the suppression of dives by restricting the saloon district and raising the license to twenty-five hundred dollars. This had been scornfully voted down.

Then the mayor went abroad and the anti-administration forces got control of the city machinery. They immediately recast committees so as to prevent any interference with existing conditions. Everything was lovely and the goose hung high. Then they heard something drop at Montgomery.

Immediately the city council of Birmingham rubbed their eyes and waked up. They changed front; everybody jumped on the dive—the low dive, the friendless dive, the pet abhorrence of all good politicians. "We are the laughing-stock of the people," declared one of the anti-administration aldermen in a meeting of the council. Nobody denied the statement. They tumbled over one another to propose the very measures which they had so vigorously voted down—segregation, high license, regulation. "Too late! Too late!" the others said. The Devil was sick.

When the Smoke Blew Away

WHEN the smoke blew away the anti-administration forces found they had turned a double somersault and landed in their enemy's abandoned camp, beside the unextinguished fires. The administration had moved to a more advanced position.

In this dive-be-good connection it may prove interesting to quote from an Associated Press dispatch, dated Trenton, New Jersey, September 19. They were holding a Republican State Convention in that city while this Dive-Keepers' Revival was singing psalms to a dead horse in Alabama.

> TRENTON, N. J., Sept. 19.—With the influential brewing and liquor element on one side demanding the repeal of the Sunday-closing law, and the church people equally insistent that it be allowed to remain on the statute book undisturbed, the leaders of the party are between the Devil and the deep blue sea."

It is not difficult to pick out the deep blue sea.

In Trenton, as in Hurley, Wisconsin, the dealers feel strong enough to force the fighting. In those places we hear no denunciation of the dive. What the "influential brewing and liquor element" is demanding in New Jersey, it would demand in Alabama—if it dared.

The chief interest of the Alabama fight centres in Jefferson County and the Magic City of Birmingham. Birmingham has far outgrown its original limits, like a fat boy bulging out of his last year's breeches. It is a city of Northern rush and hurry, surrounded by the calm and placid South; a hive of thrift and grit and industry; a lava-bed of queer peoples jumbled together, unassimilated, seething; a motley of giant negroes, brawny Slavs and swarthy Italians; wide-open, wide-hearted and wide-awake; of miners and millionaires; of hospitality and hustle; of coal and culture and chaos; of wine and women and music; of craps and carving scrapes. It is brilliant with electric lights, and its metropolitan streets are full of flannel shirts and opera hats, of men with smudgy faces and ladies in shimmering silks; it is a city of

air-castles and contradictions and granite wealth. Its smoky pall hangs black against the sky; its red glare dims the moon.

From this community the Anti-Saloon League seeks to rout its ancient enemy. Leaving out the liquor dealers and those directly interested in the sale, it remains true that men in all walks of life are hopelessly divided upon the question of absolute Prohibition. It were gross intolerance to say that all good people were on one side and all bad people on the other. Men of equal standing, character and moral rectitude, of equal gray-matter and opportunity for observation, take diametrically different positions. It may be said, however, that these men practically without exception, where they oppose Prohibition, are in favor of high license, restricted saloon district and rigid police control.

The League contends that such a position cannot be maintained—instead of officers controlling saloons, saloons will control the officers. Decent municipal government is not possible where the saloon is active in politics. This feeling, which in a degree pervades all classes, keeps the liquor men in the background. If they are doing anything—and of course they are—it is from the rear rank. This is a well-considered policy of the National Wholesale Liquor Dealers' Association. In his report of June 15, 1906, the general manager of its Protective Bureau mentions one hundred and sixty-one elections in which it has taken part, and says: "Wherever practicable the Bureau has urged that the campaign management be divorced from the trade and put in the hands of professional or business men who are not interested in the business."

This is the Quarrel

THE population of Jefferson County is perhaps two hundred and twenty-five thousand, all of this being Prohibition territory except the incorporated towns, though it is claimed that whisky can be freely bought in the mining camps.

The area of Birmingham proper contains about sixty thousand people; those in reach of its street cars number one hundred and fifty thousand.

The Birmingham Mineral District fixes pig-iron prices, an important item in the trade of the world. Iron is in the hands of three or four immense corporations; the coal output is controlled by two or three. Labor is their life-blood. The possible effect of Prohibition upon this labor is the quarrel.

One of these companies is supposed to be a part of the Steel Trust. It has just completed a seven-million-dollar plant, and is preparing to spend fifty millions more within the next five years. They need labor—men, brawn, muscle.

The German colony is small; Germany being prosperous, her skilled laborers will not come, even though large cash premiums are paid to get them. Englishmen never come. The Irish have stopped. There are few Scotch or none. Swedes go to the Northwest; they won't come to Birmingham because they dislike the negro. Swiss object on account of their hostility to Italians. Next to the Italian is the Slav, the best coal miner on earth. But the Slav thinks it is too far South—too hot.

There is fierce competition for these laborers; every coal and iron operator in the world wants them. Birmingham labor agents seek them and they ask about the saloon question. If told of Prohibition the discussion ends. Once some Germans came. Their first Sunday they were playing cards and drinking beer on the front porch. The sheriff passed and in a joking way shook a pair of handcuffs. Good-by, Germans. Good-by, bonus.

A great many Pennsylvania Dutch are here, men who, it is said, simply cannot conceive of life without beer. It is hard enough to get them in the first place, and a large percentage would not stay if there were no liquor. This would probably shut down the rolling-mills, which constitute an important factor in the situation. The miners, perhaps, would not be so seriously affected by it. Italians do not drink much liquor costs money. Educated Italians are temperate. Slavs drink beer, but they accumulate money. One of them who has been here about ten years has a savings-bank deposit of twenty thousand dollars. He still works in the mines, earning thirteen hundred and living on five hundred dollars a year.

The Other Side of the Argument

SEVERAL large building enterprises are reputed to be held up on account of the present agitation. Capitalists will invest money in a Prohibition country town, but not in a Prohibition city.

Puddlers at the rolling-mills are very highly-paid men. They work all day long at the furnaces in an almost insupportable heat, drying every drop of moisture from their bodies. It is brutalizing and exhausting work; they have to take some stimulant. A prodigious quantity of food and drink is required to supply this waste. One of these men will eat two to three chickens at a meal, perhaps four to five pounds of meat. They drink, drink, drink without ceasing—water with some sort of liquor in it, beer or grog. This is thrown off in perspiration as fast as they drink, and the men are never drunk. Whether it be necessary or not the custom is settled, and not a single one of them would work at a rolling-mill where he could not get liquor.

To all of this the Anti-Saloon man replies: "First and foremost, the liquor traffic is wrong. I am opposed to it. It destroys an industry to set it down in the midst of liquor. I do not believe Prohibition will drive away any labor that is worth keeping." They quote such testimony as this:

Secretary Fredericks, of the Kokomo Steel and Iron Company, Indianapolis, in a recent protest against saloons in the immediate neighborhood of factories, states that the saloons near their plant cost the company $75,000 a year. "As representative of manufacturing interests everywhere damaged similarly," he says, "let us have a law prohibiting, under the severest penalty, a single saloon in factory districts. Kokomo has thirty saloons that pay about $7500 into the city treasury annually. The manufacturing interests of Kokomo are damaged more than ten times that amount by the saloons."

Mr. Corporation, whisky is not good for your men, and *you know it*. You have said so. In 1904, when Judge Gray, of Delaware, sat here as chairman of the Arbitration Board between the miners and yourselves, one of the demands made by the miners was for a pay-day every two weeks, instead of once a month. You protested, and your officials urged that if you paid them off twice a month it simply meant *two* drunks each month instead of *one*, with the great loss incident to their idleness.

Beyond this you fear that Prohibition will lessen your labor. *It will.* It will surely diminish the number of convicts now employed in your mines. That enormous force of convicts who are working for you in the mines serve as a permanent strike-breaking nucleus to hold the labor unions in check. A convict can't strike, he can't quit, can't get away. Convicts help to fix the wages of free labor. The convicts from liquor counties are twice as numerous as those from dry counties. These very convicts have recently given out a statement showing a startling number whose crimes were caused by whisky.

Compare Prohibition Maine with Alabama. Maine last year killed two persons by murder. In Alabama, with twice the population of Maine, during the last four years there have been 1381 cases *come to actual trial:* 328 were not convicted; 78 were sentenced to death; 330 convicted in the first degree; 205 in the second degree; 440 of manslaughter. In 1906, 1132 of Alabama's convicts were in prison for murder, assault with intent to kill, and assault with weapons. Such men form part of the labor in the mines. Alabama has 2600 convicts; Maine has 186, white. Prohibition will *undoubtedly* decrease this class of labor.

The Saloon or the Tiger

"THERE will be blind tigers," the liquor man says. Yes, some—no human law entirely prevents an evil. But the internal revenue licenses issued in this State show *nine* blind tigers in licensed territory for every *one* in Prohibition territory. The question is not the saloon *or* the tiger, but the saloon *and* the tiger.

The movements of this animal are governed by no known law. In the mining districts it has long been a custom to sell under special license a beverage called "hop-jack," containing three per cent. alcohol, and claimed to be harmless. One day a brisk-walking drummer climbed up to the camp and went into the hop-jack establishment. He was very thirsty. The thermometer registered 90; his collar lay flat and flabby against his neck.

"Gimme a bottle of hop-jack," he said, with the significant wink which is supposed to mean "beer."

The hop-jack man never changed countenance; he dived into the ice-box, and out came a bottle, cold, the color of beer, with the labels rubbed off. This he opened and put on the counter.

Whilst the hop-jack man was making change the drummer took a taste from the bottle and spat it out. "Whew! I can't drink *that* stuff!"

"What's the matter with it?" asked the man.

"That's not beer ——"

"Co'se 'tain't; nobody said 'twas. We don't sell no beer. You asked for hop-jack; that's it."

The drummer took his change. He might drink his hop-jack or leave it. He left it.

Ten minutes later a jovial Irish miner came into the establishment, just two inches in advance of the drummer. "See here, Jimmy," said the Irishman, "this gent is me frind, on the level." And he motioned the drummer to a seat at the table in the corner.

"Milwaukee? St. Louis? Cincinnati?" inquired Jimmy.

Jimmy dived into the same ice-box and produced two bottles, ice cold, with the labels carefully rubbed off. The drummer tasted, and he did not spit it out. Neither that bottle, nor the next, nor the next.

"Sorry, sir," apologized Jimmy, as they departed; "but I was kinder 'strustful, you bein' a stranger, sir."

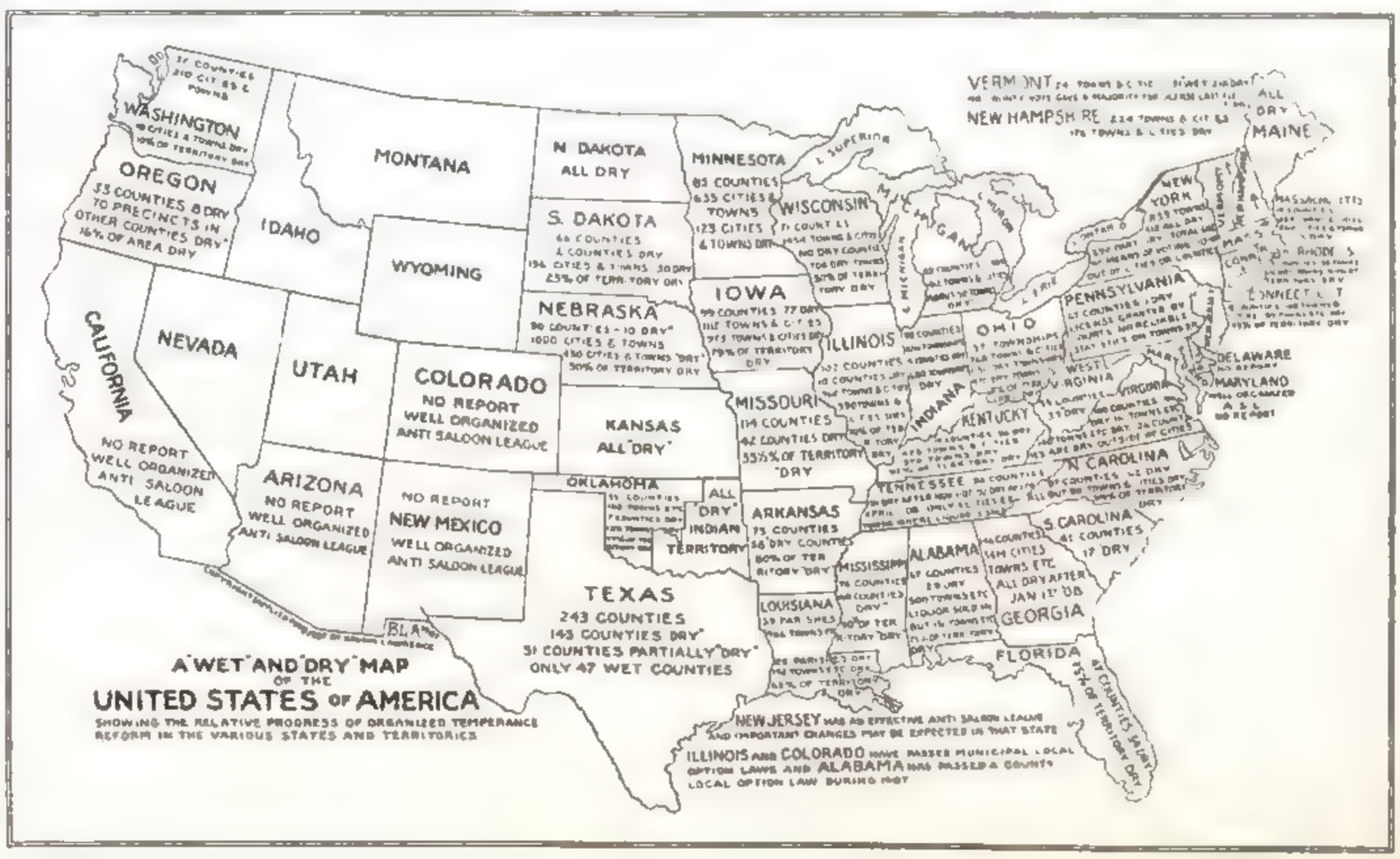
Jefferson County had 285 hop-jack establishments, 225 of them being in dry territory. They were put out of business by a statute prohibiting such licenses except in regularly licensed territory.

"Prohibition does not prohibit," says the liquor man.

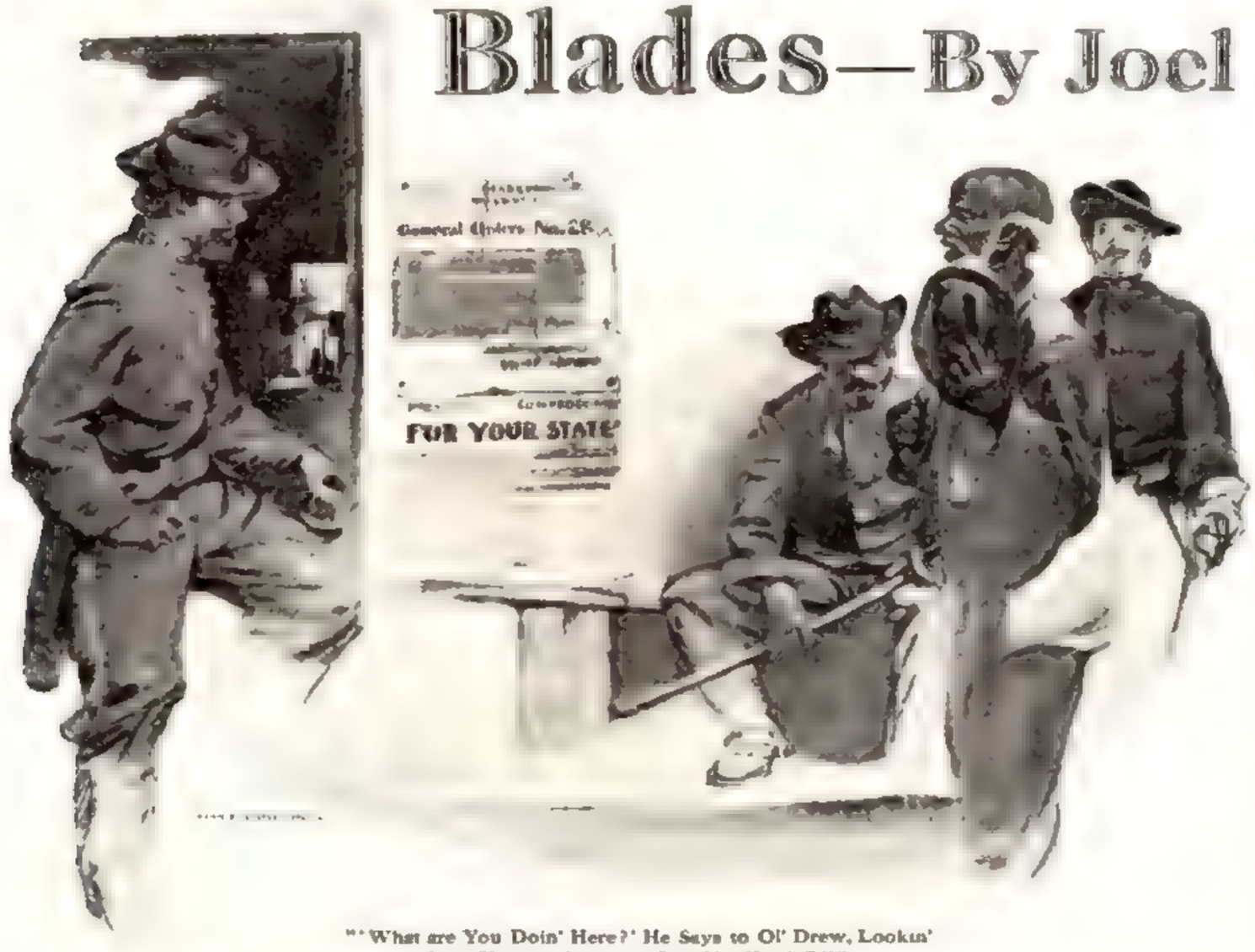
"Prohibition does prohibit," says the Leaguer. "On fifty-two Sundays in the year, two days for each election, and during strikes or public disturbances it has been demonstrated right here that Prohibition *does* prohibit. Since Mayor Ward came into power this has been rigidly enforced. The same sentiment that carries this county dry will enable us to enforce it. That is what our 'Law Enforcement Department' is for."

In the best of Birmingham's saloons, even at the

(Concluded on Page 22)



A Shadow Between His Shoulder-Blades—By Joel Chandler Harris



"'What are You Doin' Here?' He Says to Ol' Drew, Lookin' Like He was Gwine to Bite His Head Off"

From the Reminiscences of Mr. Billy Sanders, of Georgia

II

Right merrily in the woodland he hid and dodged and fled,
With the enemy following after, and the heron flying ahead,
Over fields forever fallow, over hills forever red.
— *The Herndon Ballads.*

WE HAD no idee whar we was gwine, an' the small timber was so thick that we couldn't see no more than twenty yards ahead. Thar wa'n't no help for it, an' we had to trust to Providence an' the hosses. When we did git out'n the bushes, it seemed like we was out shore enough. A level cle'rin' stretched out in front of us, an' it looked like it got bigger an' bigger in the distance. The bushes an' the underbrush foller'd it as fur as they could, an' skirted the cle'rin' for a mile or more, as much as to say that ef they couldn't go no furder they wouldn't let the prairie land scrouge 'em clean out'n business.

"The timber skirted the cle'rin' in the shape of the new moon, an' the hosses, left to their own notions, made for the horn that lay to the right. They sorter peartened up in the'r gait, an' Wimberly's houn' run ahead doin' like he smelt the trail of a fox. But, presently, the gray mar' begun for to go slower, an' the roan slacked up. Then they stopped short, jest like they seed or smelt somethin' they'd never seed before, an' throw'd up the'r heads, an' made the funny kind of a fuss that's betwixt a snort an' a whinny, like hosses allers does when they're kinder suspicious of the'r surroundin's. But the houn', he went right ahead like he was runnin' to the music of a fiddle played in jig-time. When he got close to the bushes that made one end of the horn I was tellin' you about, he stopped like some un had spoke to him, lowered his tail, raised his bristles, an' begun for to back to'rds us—bayin' like he had treed forty-lev'n 'possums. He had a mighty purty mouth, too, an' it sorter sounded like a note on a horn. I reckon you could 'a' heern 'im more'n a mile. He backed an' bayed, an' when he got whar he thought he couldn't be ketched, he turned tail an' run right behind the hosses.

"You don't know much, I reckon, about the old-time Southern saddlers?" said Mr. Sanders, turning to the stranger, who was perhaps the most appreciative listener in the little group gathered around the old Georgian. "Well, they was trained to go all the gaits—for'erds, back-'erds an' sideways. We didn't want to turn tail an' run, an' so we made the hosses back away. Thar wa'n't nothin' in sight for to back away from, an' yet we know'd p'int-blank that the enemy was some'rs behind the timber. I reckon the barkin' of the houn' fooled 'em, bekaze it ain't once in a long while that you see a man gwine to war wi' a dog amongst his belongin's.

"I kept my eyes purty much to'rds the re'r, bekaze I didn't want the roan to back over a stump or into a gully, an' arter a while my eyes fell on a ravine right behind us. I called Wimberly's attention to it, an' we turned the hosses 'roun' and made for it. By the time we got in speakin' distance of the place we was stopped by a voice that sounded like it was use to shoutin' out orders:

"'B'ar to the right!' it said. 'B'ar to the right, an' be quick about it!'

"It was the voice of a grown man, an' the way he said it satisfied me that we'd better do what we was told to do ef we wanted for to stay in that part of the country wi' any peace of mind. Well, we got to cover in less'n no time, an' when we got thar we found that the ravine was full an' runnin' over wi' mounted men. Among 'em was a man in a buggy, an' he was the one that done the talkin'.

"'Here, now,' he says, 'what ar' you fellers doin' in these diggin's, gallivantin' 'roun' wi' two fine nags an' a dog?'

"I never seed a sicker-lookin' man in all my born days than that man in the buggy. He was thin as a rail, an' his cheekbones stuck out like they was tryin' for to come through the skin. He was dark-complected to start wi', an' his skin was so yaller that it had a greenish look. Thar wa'n't nothin' well about him but his eyes, an' they was jest blazin'; I wanted to git behind a tree an' see ef they had made any holes in my cloze. I jest know'd he could see plum' through me. An' right then I made a good guess. Studder salutin', I took off my hat.

"Says I: 'Gener'l Forrest, Colonel George Adair, of Atlanta, tol' me ef I seed you to give you his howdy.'

"A faint streak of a smile showed on his face.

"'Well, how is Adair?' he says.

"'Why, jest as full of fun as he was when a boy,' says I.

"Wi' that, I let him know in a mighty few words what we was arter, an' the way I said it, or the thing itself, kinder smoothed his feathers.

"'Well, who is this young feller wi' the crutch, an' what kinder mettle is he got?' says the Gener'l.

"Wimberly Driscoll looked at him with a cute shake of the head an' a glance at the buggy.

"'I reckon you're right,' says the Gener'l; 'two cripples won't do much harm amongst a whole passel of healthy men.' He had been wounded in the foot, an' he couldn't ride a hoss. He had his leg propped up in the rickety buggy so the blood wouldn't run in it, an' it was plain to see that the hurt had got the best on him.

"We give as good an account of ourselves as we know'd how, an' I reckon the Gener'l believed us, but somehow or other he wa'n't quite certain an' shore. Says he:

"'Thar's a passel of Yankees in the timber over yan, an' I want to find out a leetle more about 'em. Go out thar an' give 'em a dar'!'

"Now, I tell you," said Mr. Sanders, looking as solemn as he could, "I had a pillercase at home that had on it, 'Sweet dreams to thee,' an' I never wanted to lay my head on anything so bad in my life. It looked like I had a longin' for that pillercase an' the piller under it that nothin' else in the world'd satisfy, an' I come mighty nigh statin' the whole case to the Gener'l; but Wimberly didn't give me time. He saluted like he wuz on parade, an' wheeled his mar', an' it seemed like I was in duty bound for to foller him. I went through purty much the same motions, an' the roan, bein' a kind of a smart Aleck, didn't need for to be spurred to foller the gray mar'.

"Wimberly Driscoll went in a canter, an' the roan had to foller suit. The pillercase faded from my mind, an' I reckon our sperrets riz as we felt the cool win' rushin' by. The houn' was runnin' along on the groun' some'rs nigh us, but he done like he know'd lots more than he did at fust. The roan had a stride long enough for to git him alon'side the gray mar' wi'out any trouble, an' the minnit I got whar I could see Wimberly's face I know'd that his ancestry was whippin' an' spurrin' him on—the wild thing that was in their blood was b'ilin' in him. He's the fust an' last man I ever seed that looked like he come out'n the book that has all that folderol in it about derrin'-do, an' nothin' about derrin'-don't. On horseback, he didn't no more look like a man wi' just one foot than he looked like a squinch-owl. He moved wi' the gray mar' jest like he was stitched to the saddle. I reckon ef I hadn't 'a' been feelin' right peart, the sight of Wimberly's face would 'a' holp me up might'ly.

"We had the hosses well in han', bekaze when you're gwine whar you're gwine, as the niggers say, 'tain't no use for to fling your young life away. Gallopin' to'rds the p'int of timber land, whar we supposed the enemy was, we soon come in sight of a whole passel on 'em on the furder side, whar the prairie land begun for to git in its work for miles an' miles, furder than the eye kin see. Some was mounted, some was manoeuv'rin', an' away beyant 'em was the smoke of camp-fires. From the glimpse I ketched on it I judged that thar was mighty nigh a whole army some rs in the neighborhood. We slowed up, an' then stopped, an' bimeby we started for to go back the way we come. The Bobby Blues had sighted us about the time we seed 'em, an' they had no idee of lettin' us git away wi'out shakin' 'em by the han' an' axin' how the folks was.

"Some on 'em took a snap-shot as we turned, an' then come a reg'lar skirmish, all on the enemy's side. Half a dozen started arter us, an' thar may have been more, but I didn't wait for to count 'em. Three foller'd right arter us, an' three rode wide, like they was aimin' for to cut us off from the shelter of the timber. When he got a good chance Wimberly turned in his saddle, an' let his carbine speak a gentle word. I dunner whether the shot hit the man he aimed at, or whether it hit the nag he was ridin', but the next thing I seed the hoss was runnin' wild an' whickerin', the stirrups a-flyin', an' ever'thing lookin' our way. That was bekaze the loose hoss was constant a-runnin' betwixt us an' the Bobby Blues. They couldn't 'a' ketched him ef they'd 'a' had time, for, like all highstrung creeturs, sech as hosses an' wimmen, he was crazy bekaze he didn't have a man's han' for to show him what to do an' whar to go.

"The hunt led right by the ravine whar Gener'l Forrest was in ambush, ef you kin call it that, an' I ruther expected some of his men for to git in behind the Yanks an' cut 'em off from the'r command; but, so fur as I could see, he never shuck a limb. He jest let us ride right on to our doom, as they say in the books. Thar was five arter us—two comin' right along, an' three runnin' betwixt us an' the timber. I says to Wimberly:

"'We've got to handle these fellers by our own 'lone selves, an' we'd jest as well be up an' doin'.'

"All this time the rackin' roan hadn't broke into a gallop. He jest rocked along on two legs at a time, as pacin' hosses will, givin' me e'en about as much satisfaction as a cradle wi' a saft piller in it. Wimberly nodded his head.

"'Now,' I says, 'when I give the word, turn the gray mar' to the right, an' I'll whirl the racker to the left.' So said, so done. 'Now!' I said, when the time come. Our creeturs had been prepar'd for the move before they made it, an' wi' the word the thing was done! We had let the boys in blue gain on us, an' they had quit shootin', most likely bekaze they wanted to spar' the hosses.

"It puzzled us at the time, but we found out arterwards that they belonged to a fresh cavalry regiment from Chicago. I've thought sence that ever'thing would 'a' turned out the way it did ef they'd 'a' been seasoned men. Nobody never gits seasoned to a big surprise, 'specially when they're

all keyed up expecting somethin' else to happen. Natchally, when we turned, one one way, an' another t'other, they didn't have time for to take off the'r hats; they didn't even have time for to look dignified; they was doin' all they could for to pull the'r creeturs in, an' they was purty busy wi' a lot of other things they had in the'r minds. Me an' Wimberly didn't have but one thing in the wide world to do, an' that was to ride right at 'em full tilt, an' take the chances that Providence maps out for the right kind of work, 'specially ef it's done quick an' slick.

"I reely believe we'd 'a' got the wust on it, anyhow, wi' two ag'in' two, ef it hadn't but 'a' been for the gray mar'. No sooner did she see the strange hosses sweepin' down to'rds her than she backed her y'ears so it looked like she didn't have none, an' fetched a loud squeal that sounded like a 'oman tryin' to walk a log over the creek. She run at the nighest hoss wi' open mouth, an' before a sheep could shake his tail we had the boys in blue huddled up together, wi' the'r hosses a-bitin' an' a-fightin' an' a-squealin'.

"They was two of the maddest men you ever seed in this errytatin' world. The'r faces was all puckered up, jest like schoolboys a-tussin'. They had on sabres—you know how the cavalry use to show off wi' long sabres—but 'twould 'a' been a heap better for 'em ef they'd 'a' been armed wi' skillets. One feller did hit me across the head wi' his sabre, but it done him more harm than it done me, bekaze it made me mad, an' I jest grabbed him by the wrist, an' tried for to yerk his arm out'n the socket. At the same time, I roweled his hoss behind the foreshoulder wi' the big Mexican spur some of the boys had give me for a joke.

"Betwixt backin' hoss an' pullin' man, the feller seed he was about to git in deep trouble, an' he says: 'Don't you know if you drag me off'n this hoss I'll git hurt?' The way he said it was what took me; he wa'n't no more skeered than I was, an' he spoke much like he would ef I'd 'a' been in his way in a crowd.

"I allowed that this was his fust taste of war, an' 'twa'n't no more like the kind of fightin' he'd read about in the books than a grist-mill is like a runaway hoss an' buggy. Before I could make answer, the hoss that the gray mar' was gnawin' give way in his hindlegs an' went down in a flounder that come mighty nigh doin' as much damage as a shell of canister. I dunno how the roan kept his legs under him in the gener'l splash an' splutter, but he done like he was comfortable, an' he stood up to his work like a little man. All this time the boys in blue was hittin' at one another, an' cussin', an' the gray mar' was scrougin' an' squealin' like a creetur possessed. I helt on to my frien's han' tell he went down wi' the rest, an' by that time the war was over—I mean our little private war.

"You won't believe me, but all that me an' Wimberly had to do was to set on our hosses an' let the gray mar' do the business. Talk about football—why, football as it's played at our Christian schools wa'n't a marker to that scrimmage; an' yet nobody got hurt! You never seed sech a sight in all your born days. Thar was a lot of fun at the bottom of it, an' I've laughed myself to sleep many a time when I'd think on it; but right then an' thar I couldn't 'a' been more astonished at the outcome than ef I had ketched a sturgeon in a haystack.

"Jest as soon as I could gether up an' collect my seven senses out'n the elements whar they was floatin', I looked around for the three fellers that had rode wide tryin' for to cut us off. They was so busy wi' the idee they had in the'r minds that they never took the trouble for to watch the little rucus we had wi' the balance on 'em. They rode so close to Forrest's men that one or two on 'em rid out in the open an' axed 'em in out'n the rough weather. Purty soon arterwards one of the Gener'l's couriers rid out whar we could see him, waved his hands, an' motioned us for to go south.

"Three Foller'd Right Arter Us, an' Three Rode Wide, Aimin' for to Cut Us Off"

"Bushrod Claiborne—He Ain't Nothin' but a Plain, Ever'-day Spy"

"Well, we didn't need any strong invitation, bekaze the boys in blue on the timber ridge was sorter fixin' for to make a line of battle; they was watchin' us through glasses, an' one or two on 'em was gallopin' about wavin' the'r swords. We didn't want to be pepper'd wi' grapeshot, an' so we took our pris'ners an' meandered arter Forrest's reconnoit'rin' party. When we j'ined the Gener'l, a couple of hours later, he looked like he was might'ly holp up. His eyes had a fresh sparkle in 'em, an' he looked like he was willin' for to smile ef he got a good chance. Nothin' would do but we must go to his headquarters, an' sech vittles as he had we got!

"'You nee'n' ter tell me, boys,' he says, 'that you don't know your business. Ef you'd 'a' got to shootin' out thar in the open, we'd 'a' had the whole caboodle right at our heels, an' we'd 'a' had to git out the best we could. I wish to Heaven that ten thousand sech fellers would ride up right now an' tell me howdy-do! How's George Adair?'

"Wi' that we got to talkin' about matters an' things fur from the war. I told him a few tales, sech as used to make the boys raise a yell, an' I reckon we had a right good time.

"We had to git back to the war somehow, an' along about that time the Gener'l was called on by some officers of the army, an' they begun for to talk about the battle that'd be fit the next day. Gener'l Forrest was ready to fight, but he said that somebody else would have to take the responsibility. The blue boys was edgin' in on the Okolona bottoms, an' somethin' had to be done for to keep 'em from burnin' the supplies the Confederacy was dependin' on. That much was certain. But Gener'l Forrest was sick; he reely ought to 'a' been in bed; an' he jest told all an' singular that he wouldn't take no responsibility whar he couldn't see his way cle'rer than he seed it then. An' so it went at that. The battle was fit, an' we was left jest a little bit wuss off than we was before. The Confederates could hold the Union army back, but they couldn't run it out, an' 'twas jest a question of time when the Yanks would send down another army as big as the one they had, an' jest run over ever'thing in sight. Mobile was in danger, or would be, an' things looked like they was gittin' in a shape to crumble from under our feet.

"Some of the officers that happened to be on hand when me an' Wimberly was wa'n't so well acquainted wi' Gener'l Forrest hisself as they was wi' what he had done, an' so the talk meandered 'roun' to the way he done his fightin'. Some on 'em said 'twas claimed by the papers that he had been usin' Bonaparte's tactics.

"'When it comes to that,' says the Gener'l, 'a heap of folks seem to have the idee that my front name is Napoleon Bonaparte, an' I reckon that's about as nigh as I git to his tactics. Ef you mean business, you want mighty little tactics—the less the better. A good hand wi' a pen kin write 'em all down in less'n a minnit an' have time to spar'. You want to know what the other feller is aimin' at, which way he's comin', an' about what time he'll come, an' you want to git thar a little ahead on him, an', when he comes, raise a whoop an' a hurrah, an' make him believe you've got the most men.

"'Thar's another p'int that ain't down in the books, I reckon: In any kind of a scrimmage, from the biggest battle to the littlest skirmish, thar allers comes a time when one side or the other, an' sometimes both, git the idee that they've done e'en about all they kin do an' might as well quit. Thar'll be a kind of waverin'—you may not see it, but you'll know it. It comes like a flash, an' is gone before you kin snap your finger, an' right then is the time for to push things a little harder an' yell a little louder—an' the man that does that, he's the feller that'll whip the fight every time. You may call that the art of war, or not, jest as you please,' he says, 'but I've never know'd it to fail.'

"One of the officers—I reckon from the way he helt hisself he was a West P'inter—laughed an' said he couldn't understand that.

"'Nuther kin I,' says the Gener'l as quick as lightnin'. 'When a fight's gwine on, thar's a heap of things I have to find out from my feelin's. Many a time I've been as certain I was whipped as I am that I'm talkin' to you; an' I knowed the other feller was feelin' the same way. Right then an' thar I order a charge, an' kick up a bigger racket than ever, an' the thing's done.'

"Well, the talk went on for some time, an' then Forrest went in another room of the little cabin that was his headquarters, an' had a talk wi' some of the officers, an' jest as the door was shut I seed a guard comin' up wi' a ol' nigger man. Thar was a look about him that reminded me of home an' Jud Simmon's mammy-in-law. I glanced at 'im ag'in, an' then I know'd it was Featherston's Drew.

"'Why, hello, Drew!' says I. 'What wind of docterin' blow'd you out here?'

"He was the gladdest in the world for to see me, an' then he seed Driscoll an' he was still gladder, bekase Wimberly was a great favorite of his. He grinned an' vowed the sight of us made him feel like he was at home, walkin' along the street in the shade of the chanyberries. For Wimberly's sake I ast about Margaret Featherston, an ol' Drew declared she was livelier than ever, an' he hinted that she was givin' some trouble to her Cousin Olivia Featherston.

"Arter a while Gener'l Forrest got rid of his visitors, an' come back to whar we wuz.

"'What are you doin' here?' he says to ol' Drew, lookin' like he was gwine to bite his head off—he never liked niggers, an' never trusted 'em.

"Drew said he was obldze to go whar he was sent, more especially when his mistis had sent him. Gener'l Forrest glared at 'im so quare that Drew turned to me, an' says:

"'Marse Billy, please, suh, tell de Gener'l dat you know me!'

"Gener'l Forrest kinder smiled, but he was mighty blunt. 'What do you want wi' me?' he says.

"Wi' that ol' Drew fumbled around in all of his pockets, an' presently looked in the linin' of his hat an' pulled out a letter an' handed it to the Gener'l wi' a bow an' a scrape that'd 'a' put a French dancin'-master to the blush.

"'These wimmen!' says Gener'l Forrest, an' then he laughed, crammed the letter in his pocket, an' turned to the nigger an' ast him ten thousand questions. He made ol' Drew tell 'im all he know'd about things in an' around Memphis, all about the Featherstons, the soldiers sent to guard the place, an' who come an' who went, whar they come from an' whar they went to; an' then, when he had

(Continued on Page 30)

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¶ President Roosevelt Has Shaken Confidence—in Confidence Men

The City Farmer

AT THE National Corn Show in Chicago they organized a "Back to the Farm" bureau. It did not lack employment. Rusticated city men form a large and constantly increasing portion of the population in the Michigan fruit region. There is hardly a big city office at this writing in which some one, envied by his desk-bound friends, is not preparing to return to Nature.

Who would not envy him!

In place of stony confines, murky atmosphere, the maddening trolley-car, the stuffy flat, the grueling routine and humiliating dependence upon the good will of the boss, to have the broad, green spaces, the sweet airs, the charming aspects, the leisurely ways and the independence of the country!

No wonder so many go back to the farm. But candor compels the confession that there are, one might say, certain mitigating circumstances. For example, in place of the salary check, the untimely frost. At four-thirty A. M. the dewy meadow itself may be a bore. There are moments when the ample spaces would be more charming if they contained people to talk to. The farm is not altogether as one's youthful recollection painted it. The noble horse is subject to a most extraordinary lot of ailments. Pitching the sweet-smelling hay would break the back of a dromedary. One had forgotten, in fact, that farming is an exceedingly laborious and not a highly profitable occupation; also, that to succeed at it one must know the trade.

We once asked a city farmer what was the matter with his foot, and he replied meditatively:

"The cow stepped on it—twice. I thought the cow would be the most delightful part of it. To have plenty of good milk and cream and butter, you know, and to milk at rosy morn and tranquil eve. But now—why, I'd walk a mile just to kick a cow."

The Game Without a Kitty

ONE of the topics discussed at the recent international conference of cotton growers and spinners was whether the Cotton Exchange should be abolished. Producers and manufacturers agreed, with substantial unanimity, that the gambling in futures on the Exchange is a curse to the industry. We suspect the Chicago Board of Trade would fare badly if its fate were left to a mass vote of farmers; and the New York Stock Exchange would probably come in for even more grievous trouble than now afflicts it if its major effect were really understood among a people still tolerably moral and industrious.

The Exchanges do perform an exceedingly useful function; but with all of them the legitimate office is strictly subordinate and incidental. Nine-tenths of their activities are pernicious.

A person who grows cotton or spins it into yarn, or raises wheat or grinds it into flour, naturally finds it rather irritating that bodies of men who never see wheat or cotton, have absolutely no honest interest in those commodities, and contribute not the value of a farthing to their cultivation or manufacture, should continually manipulate the prices of them and assume to be the spokesmen of the industries.

Business is cramped at present by a scarcity of capital; but all prudent business men would regard a large access of capital with apprehension, knowing it would set off a rampant speculation that might lead to much graver difficulties than the present ones. To say that society cannot get on without the great gambling Exchanges, as at present organized, strikes us as about like saying that civilization depends upon roulette and bridge. Governments that countenance lotteries get a rake-off. Except for the small tax levied by the State of New York on the Stock Exchange, we do not even get a percentage from our big gaming concerns.

This Pity-Poisoned World

WE FIND encouragement, for a moment, in suggestions like those attributed to Professor E. Benjamin Andrews and Reverend Doctor Patterson. The former, according to the newspapers, would hang muck-rakers, without benefit of clergy, and the latter would burn heretics at the stake.

Reform with a meat-axe sounds, at least, so much more satisfying than our latter-day lackadaisical, dilatory method of writing a lot of words on paper and delivering stump speeches. It must have been grand to have lived in an age when one thought out a pattern of mankind as he deemed it should be, and then proceeded vigorously to chop the living article into conformity with it—provided, of course, one were of the exceedingly select number who could command the reformatory machinery, and not of the multitude to whom it was applied.

Probably, by some strange mishap, the last chance of making the world just right vanished in those good old times. They had the correct method, and they seemed as enthusiastic as need be to apply it thoroughly; but in some mysterious way they failed. And if you could not reform man when his only alternative was to be properly reformed or shot, what show is there of doing it now when you cannot so much as call him bad names without peril of being haled into court? The machinery for a really effective propaganda has fallen to pieces. Professor Andrews and Doctor Patterson would have to do all their hanging and burning with their own four hands. Even if they did team-work, operating the muck-rakers' gallows one week and the heretics' stake the next, the task would obviously be hopeless.

And then, for all we know, Doctor Patterson might discover, in some of his colleague's sociological addresses, a painful necessity for lighting up Professor Andrews; and Professor Andrews, after examining old sermons, might find himself, noose in hand, sternly saying "Next!" to his fellow-reformer.

As cruelty destroyed the ancient world, said Nietzsche, pity will destroy the modern world. No longer can we bear to kill a man even for thinking differently from us.

A Classic Best-Seller

FIFTEEN or twenty years ago the surest way to offend an able reporter was to call him a "journalist." He called himself a "newspaper man." His trade was to fetch news into the office.

"Infinitives be blowed," once said a star reporter of a metropolitan journal to the copy-reader, who was deprecating his violent practice upon such parts of speech. "I've got the news. Hire a 'journalist' to write it, if you want to; you can get 'em cheap."

What brings that to mind is the statement, called forth by the death of the author, that Mary J. Holmes' first novel, published fifty-three years ago, is still as much a staple of the book trade as almost any canonized masterpiece of English fiction. Very likely fifty persons this year will read Tempest and Sunshine for every one that reads Clarissa Harlowe, or ten for one that reads Roderick Random.

It is agreed that Mrs. Holmes' product is not literature; but the product itself never said that it was. Because it appeared on printed pages between cloth covers the critics jumped to the conclusion that it pretended to be literature, and pronounced it a fraud.

The same dishonorable imputation is flung at more recent best-sellers. What they need, to escape this unmerited taunt of imposture, is simply a frank new term. Being so largely the work of the gentler sex they cannot properly appear under a motto so vulgar as "Infinitives be blowed," while "book-maker" has been appropriated in another field. To prevent unpleasant misunderstandings we need a new term.

A Constitutional Trouble

THE intelligence of Great Britain is pretty unitedly searching for a constitutional method of dealing with the House of Lords. That, since Anne's time, this noble institution has obstructed to the utmost of its ability every measure designed to advance liberty, enlightenment and general well-being, is admitted by competent students, the world over.

That its chief function in the State is to defend the graft of a single class is not very seriously disputed. But the difficulty lies in finding a constitutional remedy.

Anything that has happened once may be constitutional in England, where the organic law consists simply of precedent. Upon two notable occasions the House of Lords has been dealt with and brought into consonance with the needs of the nation.

In 1649 the Commons declared "that the House of Peers is useless, dangerous and ought to be abolished"—which Cromwell presently did by simply kicking it out. There was really no disturbance, no unseemly breach of the peace; all was orderly. In 1832 the Peers blocked the Reform Bill, from which representative government in England dates. Insurrection broke forth in many parts of the country; civil order failed; the troops could not be depended upon, and, in order to avert anarchy, the King gave a pledge to create enough Peers to pass the bill—whereupon the Lords capitulated.

Now, the strange thing is that this violent, insurrectionary, destructive method of dealing with the House is held to be perfectly constitutional, while Cromwell's seemly, decorous, harmless method is said to be unconstitutional.

So good a Radical as Mr. Stead regards the precedent of 1832, with its riots, arson, assaults and terrorized King, as quite constitutional, but would shrink from having the Commons adopt the peaceable Cromwellian precedent and simply show the Lords the door. At the same time he points out that the House of Lords itself is not truly constitutional, but only a usurpation.

Seventy years ago Macaulay declared that the Upper Chamber would soon go after Gatton and Old Sarum. But have Gatton and Old Sarum really gone?

What We Trade On

IT SEEMS to be a kind of treason this fall for planters to withhold their cotton from market in the hope of forcing higher prices. Not only is money tight; but at this writing foreign exchange is rising, involving a threat of gold exports. We must depend principally upon cotton, which Europe will buy in great quantities, and which runs into money very fast, to overcome this menace and turn the tide our way. That, in view of such a public need, planters should hold cotton for merely personal gain is truly reprehensible. We read that the banks generally will keep them in the path of duty by refusing to extend loans on stored cotton.

A similar situation arises every fall. Cotton makes nearly one-quarter of our total exports. Much more than anything else, it is what keeps our trade with the world going. We must, each year, hurry out the great staple in order to meet our balances in Europe. The function of the cotton industry in financing our foreign trade is so important, indeed, that one might almost expect to see a bill in Congress—introduced by a gentleman from Pennsylvania and backed by the stand-pat league—forbidding planters to withhold a single bale that was ready for export.

We have marvelous resources in ore and fuel for the steel industry. But we cannot trade with the world very much on them. Artificial prices, made by the tariff, prevent that. Exports of iron and steel in all forms amount to only one-sixth the exports of stuff produced on the farm. It is the unprotected producer upon whom we must depend to settle for the articles we buy abroad. Unprotected cotton and foodstuffs, comprising about sixty per cent. of our total exports, enable us to do business with the world

Mr. Fish's Precedent

THE fight over Illinois Central developed one momentarily hopeful feature.

Offended by Mr. Fish—it will be recalled—and commanding far greater resources, Mr. Harriman ousted him from the presidency and took over control of enough Illinois Central stock fairly to insure a voting majority. This inevitably involved making Illinois Central a tail to the Union Pacific kite.

When Harriman had in hand a third of the outstanding shares, that Illinois Central would be merely a part of the Union Pacific system was no longer a contingency, but an existing condition.

Much had occurred to harrow Mr. Fish's feelings; but there stood the accomplished fact of Harriman's domination. When, therefore, at the famous meeting in New York, last summer, Mr. Fish swatted a Harriman representative on the jaw, he seemed to us to have adopted the least disturbing expedient that was open to him. If that could have become a precedent for the settlement, under Marquess of Queensberry rules, of all personal jealousies and animosities among various gentlemen whom an inscrutable Providence, according to Mr. Baer, has vested with large power over important instruments of industry, Illinois Central's loss of independence would not have been in vain.

BEAR-HUNTING—THE SPORT OF PRESIDENTS

Sunset on Resurrection Bay, Alaska

By Emerson Hough

TO THE novice big game never looks as he expects it to look, and perhaps a novice might not have looked a second time. There was a dark blotch or blur down there on the gray-brown surface beyond the far side of a great cañon. It did not look quite like a rock, quite like a tree—seemed somehow suspicious. Fearing to take my eyes from it while I reached for the field-glasses, which are a part of any bear-hunter's equipment, I gazed steadily, asking to be convinced that it was not a rock and not a tree or bush or blotch of moss upon the mountainside. At last suspicion became conviction. The drab blur showed motion, which always means game. It split into two, into three parts, all now in motion. I heard some one say, in a voice which I presume was my own, but which sounded small up there on the great wind-swept mountaintop, "Bear, by Heaven!" There is no other big game on Kadiak Island except bears. I knew to a certainty now that these were my three bears, which had no doubt scented us that morning ten miles back in the valley, and had promptly proceeded to leave the country. It was great good fortune to get sight of them again. So much for perseverance and good soliciting. Now how to handle the business offered. It was a large order.

The glasses made out the game now plainly. There were three of them, great, shambling creatures, full of the look of rude, coarse strength. Their coats were dark, as I could see, even at four miles' distance. That meant that all the spring they had been high up in the mountains and had not sunburned or rubbed their hides. Good specimens they surely were, in full coat; very typical of their species, not with yellow, mangy hides rubbed full of bare patches.

A Charge for Glory and Ten Dollars

APPARENTLY, the bears were still uneasy over something. Once in a while all three took a long run, up toward the snow-field on the farther peak. Sometimes two of them would stop and fight, boxing savagely. The third nearly always kept behind, and more often lay down, as though he had fed fully and did not care to travel. The appearance of rude, shaggy strength which the great bears presented was impressive, indeed fascinating. They were bears—real ones, wild ones, big ones with no tin cans to occupy them and no iron bars to restrain them. It was a good, large order. My glasses brought them into full view though they were four miles or more away. I recall few more interesting moments than those spent here in the snow, watching these great creatures at actual first hand.

The wind was straight from me to them and it was useless to try to stalk, even did they settle down and cease working on out of the country. I doubted whether I could get around them, but was just about to start down for the attempt when I heard shuffling in the snow behind me, and saw Kuroki, somewhat out of breath. He had been trailing me across the mountain, thinking I might be lost, or that he might be, I know not which. We both decided that, slight as the chance was, it was better now than it might be the next day, by which time the game might be altogether gone.

"The Grizzly Bear Company, Limited, expects every man to do his duty, Kuroki," said I, as I took up a hole in my belt. Then we took a flying run across the snow-face which carried us over a mile angling down. So we reached the broken ground along many cañons, and labored hard in alder tangles and devil's-club. We must hasten and yet we must wait; for until the wind should shift with the night cool, and come down the cañons instead of up from the sea, we could not hope to stalk our game successfully.

Perhaps it was the ten dollars, perhaps the hope of glory, which kept Kuroki going. I admit he let out an unsuspected notch or so. At last we were over the last cañon but one, and far below the spot where we had last seen the bears. Still, at each ridge we used caution, which was well; for finally at about half-past ten o'clock, as we reached the rim of a desperate rock-rent whose white water far below had left us wet to the waist, we peered over and saw that our bears had changed their course, and were coming almost directly down to meet us. Three-quarters of a mile would put us within shot! Alas, much of that—all the last half of it—must be directly across an open snow-field, where we must be in plain sight of the game.

The grizzly bear is a very cautious animal in some ways and a very careless one in others. He may stand and watch you indifferently, if he does not smell you; and then, if he gets scent, he may wheel and run. We waited now, desperately anxious, till the wind came a trifle on the left cheek. We risked the chance of the bears seeing us, knowing that a grizzly has very bad eyes and does not rely much upon them. We hoped only that we could pass the snow-slope and get to the edge of the brush strip beyond, where perhaps we would be within range.

We did reach this cover, wet now to the skin all over with snow and ice-water. Preferred and common stock about at par now, and the market strong.

Alas! again there yawned before us another cañon, deep and narrow. We were on one edge; directly on the other were the three bears, walking, pausing, grumbling, digging, feeding, but still uneasy. It was over three hundred yards; and now it was half-past eleven in the night, the pale Alaska light being just strong enough to permit the chance. The Grizzly Bear Company, Limited, worked the open shop, and recognized neither labor unions nor the eight-hour day.

"Fire When You are Ready, Kuroki!"

THERE was nothing for it but to shoot. If we tried to cross the cañon we would be seen, smelled and heard, and the bears would be gone long before we could get across. I do not believe in long-range shooting if it can be helped, but now it could not be helped. I picked out a nice place in a pool of ice-water at the edge of the cañon, and whispered, "You may fire when you are ready, Kuroki; but, if you shoot before I do, I'll blow your head off!"

Of the bears—which now looked excellently large and interesting—one was lying down, a second was still facing us squarely and apparently deliberately watching us. The third, a brisk, dark one, big and burly, was walking through the brush toward the open. This was the one I wanted, so I kept a hand on Kuroki till this last fellow emerged and also sat up to see what we were.

Ah, let the anæmic frame rules for themselves. They shall not for me, nor for any who have felt the still, steady, fierce comfort of some moment just such as this. Carefully and steadily I fired, and after that the action became general.

Instinct tells a trained rifleman whether or not his shot will serve. I knew I would strike the big bear, and at the crack of the rifle was not surprised to see it drop back, apparently done for. I was surprised, however, at the tremendous roar, growl or howl that it uttered—the loudest I ever heard a bear give; a hoarse, croaking note, with something like the sound of feeding circus animals in it. But it straightened, floundered, roared as I struck it three times more, rapidly. I heard Kuroki hammering away also, but did not know what he was doing. My bear fell in the brush, apparently dead; and I swung the rifle across to where I saw the second bear still sitting and staring stupidly straight at us. There was something uncanny about this, and I don't pretend to explain it. There is always something hard to explain about every such episode where all happens in a flash or so. But certainly I saw Kuroki fire directly at this bear and not kill it; and certainly I fired square at its chest. Then, apparently, many seconds later, it sat and stared, and at last let go all over, all at once, and rolled stone dead, fifty feet down the mountainside toward the cañon edge. Kuroki exulted that he had killed his bear, and I thought he had perhaps done so, though later I found his bullet in a hindleg, my own through the chest.

The result of these two shots I do not pretend to explain; but there were our two bears down. The third had vanished. Kuroki said he had shot once at it and missed it. I never saw this bear at all, my own game having kept me busy longer than I had expected.

The Cripple Loses Kuroki

BUT now common stock and preferred seemed pretty much the same in value. I looked for my first bear, and it was getting up again and moving off through the alders! Again the rifles began, but we could do nothing through the dense cover. The Grizzly Bear Company, Limited, was facing disaster!

"Run on across, Kuroki!" I called, when at last a shot seemed to stop the old fellow for a time. He lay down and, I thought, was dying. "Kill that cripple if he's still alive, and meet me at the other dead bear. I'll kill it if it gets up."

I was well-nigh worn out with the hard work to date, and willing to leave easy details to subordinates. Kuroki went on over, and, as soon as I had picked up our hats and belts, I followed him. The snow was red, the trail plain, but someway Kuroki managed not to find that cripple. Perhaps the cripple seemed too vigorous to suit him. He said it went down in a farther cañon and that we could not get it till next day. It was now midnight, and the light was very dim.

Wet, cold, hungry, we skinned out our only bear, and packed down the awful mountainside in the sheer dark, fording the river far below where it roared not quite so wildly over the rocks. So, at half-past two in the morning, we reached the beach where our lieutenant, Barnes, should have been. He, thinking that the Grizzly Bear Company, Limited, was permanently disbanded, had taken the dory and gone to camp. We built a fire and in an hour saw the dory tossing in the wild sea, as he crossed the dangerous arm of the ocean once again. Then some sort of breakfast, many congratulations and a few plans.

Organization again proved its worth. Kuroki and I were pretty well done out, but a fresh man remained in Barnes. He was delegated to finish the work we had begun. The question was, how could he find our crippled bear, which by this time we thought surely must be dead. Business again resumed sway in our councils. I preferred to take it easy on the beach for a few hours. Kuroki, in view of ten dollars more in hand paid, reluctantly consented to guide the new troops up the mountain. He lasted until the scene of the late battle was reached.

Ten hours later I heard a shout, and saw the rest of the staff appear on the edge of the shore far down the bay.

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles on Bear-Hunting, by Emerson Hough.

Busy Business Men

for their own good

Should Cultivate a Hobby

"The essential matter is to be interested, absorbingly interested, in something outside of self, and beyond the daily grind." —Dr. S. S. Cohen, in "How to Keep Well: Diversion in Relation to Health."

THERE is no hobby a man can take up that is so altogether sensible, so wholly enjoyable, as *Music.*

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They threw down from their shoulders not one, but two more hides! Common stock was marked up on a sharp bulge.

It turned out that they had found the third bear, which had escaped unhurt, and Barnes killed it close up as it lay near the cripple. The latter he fired at in a thicket several times, and, finally, finished with almost his last shot, close at hand and acting rather ugly. This hide had eight bullets through it, and was fairly a partnership affair, as well as the one Kuroki and I had accounted for together. Had I reserved all the shooting for the preferred stock we might not have had nearly a dory-ful of prime hides, as we now had.

It was now night of the second day since we had started on this hunt, we having been on our feet for thirty-six hours, with only one real meal during that time. The labor situation looked ominous, but peace counsel ruled. We were tired, but happy, when we took boat for camp, where we pulled off a very successful trade banquet in honor of our good fortune.

The next day found us at our main camp, where we discovered Czaroff entirely content with life. When we came upon him he had his mouth full of bacon and both hands in a kettle of stew. He had gained about eight pounds in weight. Kuroki now pleading disablement, we took on the fresher man again, Czaroff making the next hunt, ten miles away by dory to a new valley, in his place. Again we parted forces, again we combed out twenty miles of country with each party, again we made the interior passes at the heads of our valleys; but this time we found no bears nor fresh sign. We had now seen as much of the interior of Kadiak Island as any white or other hunter ever did, perhaps, and, in three days' actual hunting, had hung up three hides. Others might have done as much. Our motto of business supremacy did not allow us to loaf, as yet. Out must go the full field force once more.

The Old Lady of the Thicket

Again three of us took the field, and, on the next day, proceeded to repeat our regular system of covering as much ground as possible. Czaroff and I hunted for a time together, and once more, as fortune would have it, the boss was the lucky man at first getting sign of game. We had not been out three hours before I found fresh diggings in the alder thickets. Bears again! Yes, and by all fortunes of war, *three* of them again! Evidently one large bear and two smaller ones had certainly been living here for a week or more.

But again the wind was bad. "*Natu karosha!*" muttered Czaroff. "Go home now! No good!" His courage was easily daunted unless all things were favorable.

The rules of the house, however, were inflexible. The company had to be whipped fair before it announced defeat. I showed him that by climbing high up the mountain we might get ahead of the game without its scenting us. Grudgingly he went with me a mile or so up the steeps, but with no enthusiasm, for he did not think the Grizzly Bear Company, Limited, could by any possibility repeat such luck as it had had.

Once more the white man's eye was better than that of the native, as indeed it nearly always is, as well as the white man's rifle-shooting. Czaroff crossed an open glade without making any sign of game; but, as luck had it, once more I caught a glimpse of something a mile or so away which did not look quite like a rock or a tree. I swung the glasses on it, and the next instant was frantically beckoning to Czaroff to get down out of sight. There, on a mountainside across the valley from us, standing now on her haunches and swinging her great head from side to side as she scanned the country back of her, was a great bear, a fine one, gray on the shoulders and back, and dark on the flanks, a grand specimen of the Kadiak grizzly, worth coming all this way to see!

Presently the old lady swung down on all-fours and moved into the near-by thicket. Then I saw that she had with her two young cubs, of apparently eighteen months of age. A Kadiak bear cub of that age is about as big as an automobile.

"Mamma, two little boy," said Czaroff, in sudden access of English. I nodded and asked him what he thought of the wind. "*Natu karosha!*" he said again. "No good! Mebbe so shoot um. I dinno."

At least we would try. We now hurried into the business of making the stalk and soon reached a point where we could reconnoitre. Alas, once more we were side-tracked by a deep-gashed cañon which rent the rough country for a mile. Beyond it was open ground with no cover, where the wind would go straight to our game; so we dared not try the approach there. We swung down the cañon, hoping to get below the game, which might take a notion to leave at any moment; but the further we hurried the worse matters became, for the cañon widened and deepened.

Shoot Just Where You Can

At last we pulled up on the high edge opposite the bears, once more twice as far as one shoots at big game, and once more confronted with the alternative of taking a long shot or none at all. If we went lower down the steeps we should lose sight of our game at the first jump. Here, although it was hardly a sporting shot, we were high enough to command a view for some distance. Moreover, though I could not at that range pick a vital spot with certainty, I was confident I could disable the bear and perhaps kill it outright. In hunting stories you read about shooting a bear in the eye, in the heart, or other assorted spots. It is a mighty good rule to shoot it just where you can. Waiting for better breath, I, presently, fired; and down she went indeed, almost into the cañon, the shot having come surprisingly close to the backbone, as we later learned. But like a flash she was up again and into the thicket, going up the far mountainside at astonishing speed. We both fired again and again, but in the brush we could not land, and in the open the wet moss left no sign of our shots, so we were not confident of the range.

"Me hit um little boy!" crowed Czaroff, and I saw one of the cubs stumble. I swung on it and again it rolled. I fired at the third bear and it, too, rolled over. But then, in spite of all, we suffered the unspeakable chagrin of seeing our game apparently bound to escape, after all. I wished then I had not fired, but had let it go unhurt. The rule for big game is to get close up, and now, in both our bear scrimmages, we had lost the keenness of close work through this chance configuration of the country.

The bears lumbered off in spite of us—fine ones, too, as we could see. "Good-by!" laughed Czaroff, and then added feelingly, almost all the English he knew, "San Francisco! California!"

The Grizzly Bear Company, Limited, it may be supposed, turned out in full force the next morning; and again business system saved the day. We put Barnes on the trail where we left it, and the rest of us went on down the coast and ascended the second valley, to intercept the game if it had crossed that way. All this country is very open and free from cover at the summit, and the glasses saved us many a mile.

At last we found our game. High up on a little snow-field at the top of a distant peak beyond our valley they were lying, all three—the old bear motionless, one of the cubs moving feebly. So then we could end it, after all. A sudden revulsion came over me. I was done with hunting for the time. I did not care to make the long climb for the sake of skinning a dead bear or killing a crippled cub. So I detailed the two natives to go across and end the business, while I waited for Barnes.

I lay back in the sun, alone, and watched the wide panorama before me, on which the only sign of life was the two antlike figures which after a time appeared slowly toiling up the opposite face of the mountain. I half-repented not going; was disposed to go on after. Had I done so I should have missed the most exciting bear hunt I ever knew—one in which I had no active part.

The two brown men crawled on up, skirting a far rent in the rocks, dodging low behind some cover as they reached the exposed summit. I saw them at last reach the rim-rock above the game, and knew how Czaroff proposed to make the approach. Then, as though by some premonition, I saw the great gray lump that had lain on the snow, move, rise to its feet, take a pace or so, and then lie down! The old bear was not dead. How large, how very large, she looked. I say, I have never felt fear of a bear, perhaps because I have mostly been too tired to feel anything but fatigue when after bear. But now, two miles away, I felt something like buck ague, the first time in my life. I thrilled. I shivered. I wondered if the men could do their work—wished and wished that I were with them now. I had taken too much for granted.

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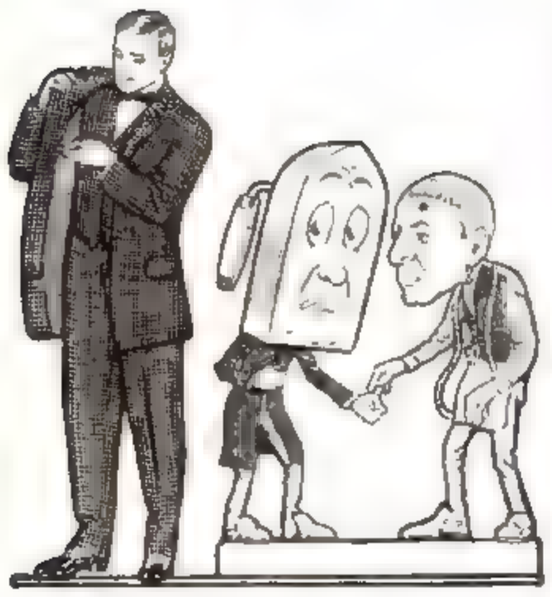

Clothes-Satisfaction

By A. Frank Taylor

ONE quality alone in a product doesn't constitute Satisfaction.

For instance, a stout pair of hob-nailed boots may wear—but they lack Style, Shape and Fit—

And a Suit of Clothes may also wear but be absolutely lacking in Style, Shape and Fit—

80 percent of all Suits and Overcoats are not Satisfactory Clothes.

For while this 80 percent of Suits or Overcoats may Wear—the Style, Shape and Fit in them are merely temporarily "doped" in by Old Dr. Goose.

After such garments have been worn a while the Style—Shape and Fit have disappeared—

The Lapels of the coat have become bulging—the Collar sagging at the back—the Shoulders broken—

* * *

If you want a Garment that does something more than merely Wear—

One that retains its Shape, Fit and Style qualities as long as it retains its Wear quality—one that makes you look a well dressed man—you must obtain one of the rarer 20% Variety.

And the best way to know that you're getting one of these kind of Garments is to see the label "Sincerity Clothes" is in the Garment you buy.

In "Sincerity Clothes" the Style, Shape and Fit are not put in as an after thought.

Instead they are actually Cut and Tailored in the very Fabric itself.

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Style book sent on request. Kuh, Nathan & Fischer Co., Chicago.

Now the two younger bears began to move slowly a little way on in the snow, but soon they stopped. Slowly, catlike, a little at a time, I saw the hunters approach the hunted things. My blood never much leaped before in any hunting, but now it leaped. It was not sport but tragedy I was to witness. I did not like to look, but could not cease to gaze.

I saw the two hunters appear at the rim of the little pocket where the bears lay; saw them crouch, and aim and aim. Then came a spurt of blue, the smoke of Czaroff's rifle. Then followed shot after shot from both rifles. The giant grizzly flung herself once more to her feet, and stood at bay on the snow, which I saw redden under her.

But all three of the bears kept their feet! What bungling! What bungling! They fired fifteen shots; and the game moved on! It reappeared at this side of the snow, at a little knoll just above the sheer cañon wall. And then ensued what might seem, in telling, a piece of imaginary hunting, but which occurred just as I say.

The two cubs moved off into the cover once more. I saw Kuroki come and peer over the edge, not seeming to care to come closer. I had my eye on the giant she-bear a moment before as she stood near the rock-face. When I turned the glasses on her she was gone! Then I saw Czaroff crawl down a way and peer down. Even as I looked at the cubs, the old bear had let go and gone down the sheer cañon wall! They told me later that she roared all the way down. So, at last, she died. Though I have hunted much, I never knew a bear to die as she did, or to die so hard.

One Robe Out of the Ice-Water

I rushed down the mountain, forded the river below and intercepted my men as they came down. They had not a hide nor a hair! The big bear, they said, was a spirit bear, a devil, which could not be killed. She had fallen down the rock-face along a cascade, plunged over this fall, and gone far out of sight under the snow-field at the floor of the deep cañon. No hand of man would ever get the hide of her—that was sure in their Aleut mind. And the cubs? They had supposed them gone also, and had started home, as they had worked long and were hungry. Then and there was discipline enacted. They had to turn and climb the mountain again with me. It was another hour before we had the crippled cubs killed and skinned, and dark then was at hand. The great gray robe must wait another day; but have it, I resolved we must at any hazard.

The next day the full *personnel* of the Grizzly Bear Company, Limited, was again afield. We took the dory cable, also an oar for digging snow, and by noon we were at the foot of the cataract down which the old lady had slid in her tragic ending. It looked discouraging, but our luck held.

A crack or rent ran across the snow-field here, and this let light down under it and into the black cavern cut out by the waterway. Barnes stooped and looked down under the snow at the upper edge. He flung up his hands in joy. "I see her!"

Our bear was lying to one side of the centre of the snow-field, damming up the flow of ice-water. Barnes dropped down into the crack through the snow-roof and slipped over her neck the cable which, standing in the waterfall's spray, we passed down from above. Then, slowly, an inch at a time, all lifting and pulling together, all wet to the skin in the ice-water, we hauled her forth, a monster weight.

I shall not soon forget the grim look of that great gray head when it showed above the rim of the snow-roof. Hers was a splendid robe, without a blemish save where her nose had been skinned in the slide down the rocks, two or three hundred feet, and for one missing toe-nail, perhaps lost in the same way. More priceless than any Oriental rug is this one which covers a certain space in a certain floor to-day.

A meeting of the directors and stockholders of the Grizzly Bear Company, Limited, was called for twelve o'clock that night, at which time we got home with the last of our six hides, all secured within six days, and under conditions where everything was against success.

Sport? No, I have had far better sport on other hunts, so far as hunting is concerned. But this was the sport, literally, of pulling the game out of the hole—the biggest sport, which is playing any game to the limit, for the joke of the game itself.

Thoroughbred Shoes for Careful Dressers

That describes this season's Regal Shoes in a nutshell. There are 43 new Regal models for Fall—each one of them the exact counterpart of a "top-grade" custom model. They are the shoes that the Fifth Avenue, New York, club men are wearing right now.

The "Hoyt," shown here, is typical of these smart new Regals. Its most notable features, characteristic of this season's best fashions for men, are the rather short vamp, narrow toe, flat extension sole, spade-shaped, and Military heel.

In the button style with perforated vamp it is especially dressy and smart.

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PUBLIC SERVICE CORPORATION BONDS AS INVESTMENTS

IN VIEW of the many revelations of the abuses of corporate power and corporate mismanagement, especially in the traction lines of New York City, it is interesting to call attention to the bonds of public service corporations.

With the possible exception of municipal bonds, no other kind of security touches so many people as public service corporation bonds. The proceeds from them provide the street-cars on which you ride, supply the light which illuminates your home and your work, and furnish the power to run your factory. This is why they are called public service corporation bonds, because they are issued by corporations that, in some way, serve the public.

But, as in all things, there are two kinds of public service corporations: the good and the undesirable. The exposures of mismanagement in the conduct of corporations, some of them public, which have recently followed in the wake of what has been called the investigating mood of the country, have made many people who own this kind of bond tremble for the safety of their investment. In this article the conditions will be pointed out which should surround the public corporation bond of the highest type: the kind which should be bought by the average investor with savings who is not only seeking stability of investment, but peace of mind at the same time.

The Best Type of Public Utility Bond

You do not have to look far to locate public service corporation bonds. In the city or town in which you happen to live you will find one or more companies issuing them. It may be a street-railway company or an electric lighting or gas company. So many factors enter into the consideration of this kind of bonds that each one will be taken up in turn.

First of all, the capitalization should not be excessive. It should represent actual money that is invested in the properties. When there is too much capitalization there is often an exorbitant cost to the consumer. This may take the form of double fares or increased price for heat and light. Such a step may cause wide dissatisfaction, which is usually followed by decreased business, and, consequently, reduced earnings.

Another prime condition, and one that has an added importance in view of the disclosures of corporate mismanagement, is that the company should be out of politics. If you read the newspapers at all you must have seen lately how the New York street-railway companies, which are merged into one huge combine, have been for years involved in the worst kind of politics; how vast corruption funds were maintained at the expense of the stockholders and used for lobbying purposes. When exposures of this kind come (and this is a time of exposure), the company suffers in name and credit, and the market value of its securities declines. Hence it is a good plan to avoid the bonds of the public service corporations that are mixed up in politics, or which maintain their position by means of political connections.

As in the case of railroads, the earnings of public service corporations should be steady and good, and the bondholder should see specific statements of them. It is impossible to apply the same tests to public service corporation earnings that are applied to railroad earnings, for the reason that some public utility corporations, especially those street-car companies operating in the big cities—particularly New York—labor under peculiar difficulties. One of these is a congestion of traffic in the streets which interferes with the running of their cars. Sometimes the schedules have to be reduced. This means fewer cars and reduced earnings.

A public service corporation of the highest type should have what is sometimes called a depreciation fund. This fund is used to renew parts of the system or plant or rolling stock that have been worn out by wear and tear. The money from this fund may be used for new cars, new track or new electrical equipment of one kind or another. One big public service corporation in the West sets aside ten per cent. of

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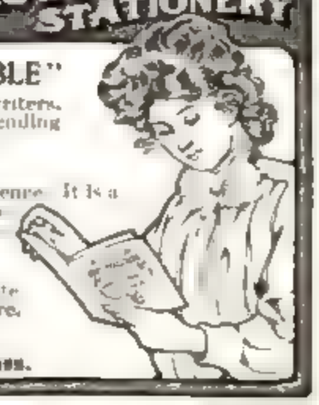

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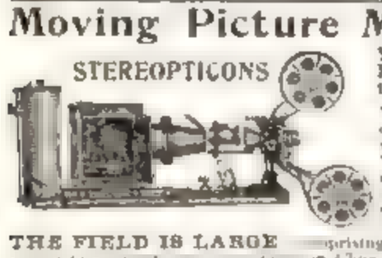

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its gross earnings for the depreciation fund. This money is invested in high-class bonds. Thus it is earning money while waiting to be employed.

The matter of franchises is one of supreme importance. A franchise, in simple terms, is the right given by a city or community to a corporation to use its streets. Sometimes this franchise or license is for a limited number of years, after which it expires and becomes void. The investor who buys a public service corporation bond should inquire carefully if the bond expires before the franchise runs out. He should never have a bond that runs longer than the franchise of the company. One good reason for this is that sometimes corporations have difficulty in renewing their franchises. At such a time new and rival corporations are liable to spring up and thus cause a competition that proves costly and even ruinous.

It is best to own the bonds of a public service corporation that keeps in close and harmonious touch with the people whom it serves. In many cities there are clashes between the corporations and the people, and bad feeling is engendered. It may be on account of exorbitant fares on the street-car lines or bad service.

A corporation that studies the needs of its customers and patrons usually succeeds. A story is told of the vice-president of an electric-lighting company in a large Ohio city who, in the early days of the company, when electricity was not so popular in business as it is now, used to prowl around the city at night. Under the pretense of buying articles in the shops he engaged the shopkeepers in conversation to find out some of their needs. Incidentally he talked up electricity for illuminating purposes. He pointed out how more attractive the windows would look and what a lure it would be for the customer. The result of this unique sort of commercial adventuring was an increased business. The company to-day is one of the largest in the State.

Another public service corporation whose bonds are regarded as among the best of their class, has the following platform of business principles: "To give service of the highest quality and reliability, to charge prices which are not only reasonable, but to share with the customers the benefits of economies resulting from improved methods, machinery and future discoveries and inventions."

A "Home" Investment

One advantage that has always been urged in favor of public service corporation bonds as an investment is that, if you buy the bonds of a company in your home town, you invest your money "at home," as it were, and you can keep a watch over it.

There are a great many public service corporation bonds on the market that the average investor should scrupulously avoid. They have been issued by companies involved in politics, whose franchises are subject to attack, and whose affairs are not efficiently conducted.

No attempt will be made here to cite specific bonds of the kind to appeal to the average investor with savings. It will be stated, however, that the bonds of public service corporations in Milwaukee, St. Louis, Cleveland, Detroit and Atlanta, for example, are of a very high type. Many issues of bonds of this kind are underwritten by the large investment banking houses after a careful investigation of the properties and franchises, and the integrity of these houses is a good index of the investment.

The average yield of public service corporation bonds of the best kind is about five per cent. Just now, when bonds are cheaper than they have been for a good while, the yield is a little larger.

A movement of far-reaching significance, and one which, if carried out all over the country, will result in a safeguarding of the interests of all holders of bonds in public service corporations, has been inaugurated in the State of New York by the work and investigation of the Public Utilities Commission. This board, which owes its existence to the persistent efforts of Governor Hughes, has control over all the utility corporations and companies in the State, and the power to regulate them. One of its first labors has been an investigation of the devious affairs of the Interborough-Metropolitan Company of New York City, which controls the traction lines of the greater city, and already some startling facts have been disclosed.

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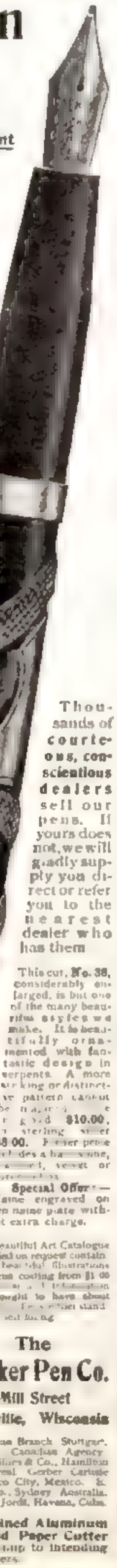

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THE BATTLE OF THE BOTTLE

(*Concluded from Page 19*)

highest-priced hotels and rathskellers, the mixed class of men frequenting them is very noticeable to a stranger.

The negro question cuts a tremendous figure in Alabama, as it does throughout the South. That is one reason for the solid rural votes. This movement would have ultimately won irrespective of the negro, but he has done much to hasten it

In the days when liquor and cocaine were kept away from the negro he was the best laborer on earth. The sober, hard-working negro man or woman to-day is rarely a criminal. But give them the dive, mix men, women and whisky, stir in a few pinches of cocaine, and you have the Devil's own prescription for trouble.

Let no man ever speak of a "negro dive." Such things do not exist. It is the "white man's dive," run by white men, permitted by white municipalities, condoned by the indifference of white voters.

The negro principal of a negro school in Alabama says this, which every thinking white man in the South indorses:

> The negro brute, for whose atrocious crimes every honest negro hangs his head in shame, and whose punishment is never too severe, is not the product of the negro. He is not found in our homes, our schools, our churches, and none of our saving and exalted influences can reach him. Our black arms are too short. The long Anglo-Saxon arms only can reach him. We make no laws, we construe no laws and we execute no laws. No board of aldermen, no judge or jury would establish saloons on the recommendation of negroes. This negro brute is a product of the white man's gambling hells, low dives and saloons.

Very few negroes in Alabama are registered voters. They take practically no part in elections, and are not to be held responsible for misgovernment. On the other hand, the negro, if he had a vote, would doubtless cast it for liquor.

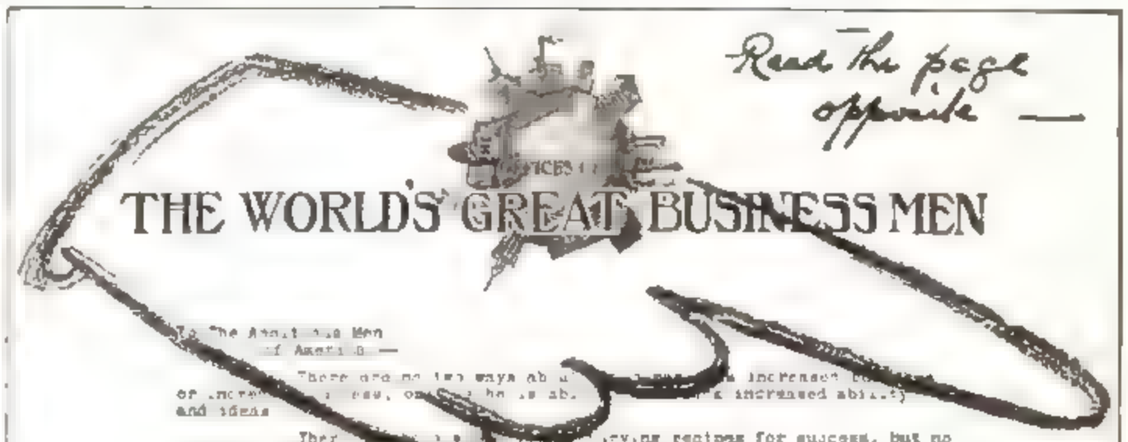
On August 29, according to the press dispatches, the big brewers met in Cincinnati to take concerted action to stop Prohibition in the South.

This was the situation when the Anti-Saloon League in Birmingham took the first step toward holding an election. Such election must be called by the probate judge upon petition of one-fourth of the qualified voters. Petitions were circulated and signed by 5538 voters, more than a sufficient number. The law provides that where a county votes "against the sale of liquors" the saloons shall be closed on January first succeeding the election. It is charged that a visiting liquor man suggested to the local dealers, in view of the probability of their defeat at the polls, that it would be easy to stave off the evil hour by enjoining the election. The matter could thus be delayed in the courts, so it would be impossible to hold an election before the first of January. Then, even if voted out, they need not shut up their shops until January, 1909.

"Very well," the League replied, "you may enjoin us in the courts and interpose technical delays. If you do we will ask the Governor to place the matter before the Legislature at the coming special session. The Speaker of the House and Lieutenant-Governor are both for Prohibition; we have an overwhelming majority in both House and Senate. We can amend the present law so as to close saloons at once after an election. Or we can pass a State Prohibition law. And we believe Governor Comer would sign it."

An editorial to this effect appearing in the Evening News, which is believed to reflect the Governor's views, gave the liquor men a real good chance to think. This seemed to dispose of the injunction scheme, and an election was called for October 28, and before this article can appear the result will be known.

Since this time Governor Comer has given out a statement in which he says he favored the County Local Option Law, which has been indorsed by the people and become a policy of the State. Until the people have had a chance to vote on State Prohibition he would not advise such a law, nor submit it to the special session of the Legislature.



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Memories of Authors

(*Continued from Page 7*)

than both his discourse and the manner of it—for he was sweetly confidential."

Stories of that kind Longfellow told with hearty relish. I recall his narration to me of the first interview that he had with Mrs. Craigie, when he called at her house, with the purpose of hiring a lodging in it. The prim, formal, dignified old lady showed him room after room.

"This is a pleasant room," he would say to her.

"Yes," she would answer. "This is a pleasant room—but you cannot have it."

After that colloquy had been several times repeated the poet ventured to inquire:

"But, madam, *why* can I not have this room?"

"Well, sir, no *students* are allowed in this house."

"But I am *not* a student, Mrs. Craigie; I am only a *professor*."

"Ah, that is different; you can have either of the rooms that you like."

"And so," he added, "I became a lodger in this house, which afterward became my property."

The disclosure would be remarkable and amusing if each author's private estimate of his contemporaries in authorship—often his acquaintances or friends—were to be obtained and made known. We know now what Lamb thought of Byron and what Coleridge thought of Moore, and some day, no doubt, when time enough has flown and memoirs have multiplied, the reader will learn what Bryant thought of Willis and what Stoddard thought of Holmes, and so following. It can scarcely fail to be a whimsical chronicle, for bards, as a class, are even more exigent than actors in their judgments of each other. Longfellow's nature was radically magnanimous.

I never heard from his lips a syllable of detraction of any contemporary author. When he could not say praise he said nothing.

The American authors whom, in my hearing, he specially extolled were Dana, Washington Irving, Hawthorne and Lowell. Of Allston, who was eight years his senior, and who died in 1843, he spoke with peculiar tenderness. "Allston," he said, describing him to me, "often dressed in white garments, from head to foot; he was serene and benignant, his hair was silvery, his face was pale, and in white clothing he seemed like a man of snow." One of Longfellow's favorite anecdotes related to Allston, painter as well as poet, from whom, personally, he learned the incident. One of Allston's model sitters was an elderly Jew, and for some time the fastidious artist could not satisfy himself with the picture that he was endeavoring to paint. There came a moment at last, however, when the Jew's countenance assumed an expression of exultant animation and even of venerable majesty, and the painter was able to pursue his artistic purpose. "Your thought must have been on some fine subject," said Allston, speaking to his model; "what were you thinking of?"

"I was thinking," replied the candid Hebrew, "how much money you would get for that picture when it is finished."

Many years ago he told me, with an indescribably soft and rich tone of enjoyment in his voice, about a pedler who intruded himself into the house one morning, with a request for some verses in praise of a medicine that he was vending—a carminative for infants—offering a bottle of it, "price one dollar," in exchange for the lines.

At another time he mentioned an amusing instance of the awkward compliment with which famous men are not infrequently favored. "A stranger," he said, "was introduced to me at Newport who, seizing my hand, most effusively exclaimed: 'Sir, I have long desired to know you! Sir, *I am one of the few men* who have read your Evangeline!'" And it is to himself that the lover of humor is indebted for record of the ingenuous remark made to him by an Englishwoman who, with a party of fellow-travelers, called on the American poet: "As there are *no ruins* in this country," said that felicitous speaker, "we thought that we would come and see *you!*"

"I am sorry you are going away," Longfellow said to me, on a day in 1859, when

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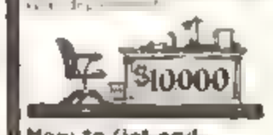

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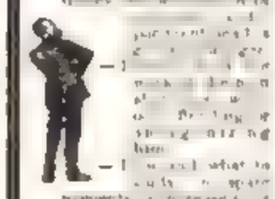

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25¢ A PAIR FOR COMFORT AND LONG WEAR

I had come to his home to say farewell; "I wish that you could have stayed here." Had I been able to discern the future—had I known what I was to encounter of toil and care in the literary life of New York—I think that he would have had his wish. "In youth," says Sir Walter Scott, "we seek pleasure, and in manhood fame and fortune and distinction, and when we feel the advance of years we would willingly compound for quiet and freedom from pain."

Longfellow would very gladly have used practical influence to induce me to remain in Cambridge. I recollect having had the wish to own and edit a newspaper which was published there and which happened to be for sale, and when I spoke to him on that subject he kindly offered to buy the paper for me if its owners would accept in payment a considerable number of shares of a certain stock that he possessed. The transaction might have been effected, and probably would have been, but that a city official chanced to interpose with an offer that was more attractive, and so the project failed and the current of a lifetime was changed.

In the early days of my acquaintance with Longfellow I observed that he was inclined to bright apparel; not to the elaborate dandyism of his popular contemporary, N. P. Willis, and not to the extravagance of radiant raiment that characterized Charles Dickens, but to such decorative attire as the figured waistcoat and the gay cravat. His dress, however, was always in good taste. Indeed, there was about the whole man—his person, his ways and his influence—an exquisite refinement and tranquillity, the natural result of temperamental sweetness and perfect self-possession

He pursued his own course. He was a man to inspire resolute but calm devotion to a far-reaching, noble purpose, and thus he was a man to soothe and cheer. That way I love to remember him—sitting beside his open fireplace, as he often did, late at night, after his household had retired, watching the flames, listening to the wind in the chimney, musing, smoking his cigar, and occasionally writing down whatever came into his thoughts.

In a recent number of Notes and Queries there was published a just, graceful and sympathetic tribute to the memory of Longfellow, by John C. Francis who, in noting "the magnetism which drew all hearts toward him," mentioned that "Mrs. Carlyle remembered his visit to them, at Craigenputtock, as 'the visit of an angel,' and William Winter, who had been greeted by him as a young aspirant in literature, would walk miles to Longfellow's house, only to put his hand upon the latch of the gate which the poet himself had touched."

That act of homage on my part was done in my youth; but, old as I am, the feeling that prompted it has not yet died out of my heart. Such emotions commonly perish when time and experience have shown to us the frailties of human nature and the selfishness of the world; but if ever a man has lived whose excellence justified the continuance of them, Longfellow was that man. His character, his life and his writings concur in the diffusion of such an influence and such an example as have helped thousands of human beings, and will help thousands of human beings hereafter, to meet trial and affliction with unswerving courage, and to bear with fortitude every ordainment of Fate.

The sudden and terrible calamity that well-nigh broke his heart was endured without a murmur. The strifes and tumults of the sordid, seething world surged around him in vain. No obstacle of adversity ever stayed him in the accomplishment of his sacred mission — to bless mankind by the interpretation of Nature's beauty and by the monition and enforcement of spiritual hope. His exemplar, I think, was Goethe, who, in one great dramatic poem, written without haste and without rest, achieved the consummate and final expression of human life—perfect as a picture and supreme as a guide.

It is a kindred achievement that makes the greatness of Longfellow. There is comfort in every page that he wrote, and in the last words that ever fell from his pen there is a precious legacy of faith: "'Tis daybreak everywhere."

Editor's Note. This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Winter, giving his personal recollections of famous writers.

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THE CATSPAW

(Continued from Page 10)

Mr. Freemantle did understand. His very life now depended on the perfect running of that exceedingly untrustworthy motor. No excuses would be accepted, the failure of the machinery to do its work would be taken as premeditated evidence of treachery on Mr. Freemantle's part and he would have to pay the penalty. No further thought of a coup, no matter how brilliant, entered Mr. Freemantle's mind. He could only pray with all his soul that nothing in the way of a breakdown might happen within the next twenty minutes. But he realized that the engine of the End Rush had been behaving with unexampled docility for several hours; something was due to occur.

With the alteration in the course of the motor-boat the chase was stern-on. It surely was a chase, for the Waterwitch was coming straight after them, with the proverbial bone in her teeth. A heavy, black cloud poured from her funnel, indicating that she was under forced draft. Mr. Freemantle put on all the power he could, and the End Rush began to slither through the water at an astonishing rate, her sharp bow sending up perfect fountains of spray. Every now and then Mr. Freemantle had to turn away his head and gulp down a fresh supply of air; otherwise he would have drowned where he sat.

Ten tense minutes passed and the Waterwitch had crept up perceptibly. She was barely more than a mile away now, and a whity-yellowish puff broke from the rapid-fire gun mounted on her forecastle; a second or two later a hollow, booming sound swept over the shining water.

"Orders to heave to," commented Mr. Montacute. "But not on your life, Freemantle," he added, with grim jocularity. "Can't you poke her up a bit more?"

Strange to relate, a change had come over the spirit of Phanuel Freemantle, a change coincident with the report of the gun. He quite forgot that he was a respectable citizen, a sworn and trusted official of the Treasury Department, the father of four amiable children, the husband of Mrs. Freemantle. The lust of the chase, the fierce joy of the hunter and the hunted, now possessed him wholly: for the nonce he was heart and soul enlisted in the unrighteous cause into which he had been so cavalierly impressed. This was a hot, sporting proposition, and Mr. Freemantle's blood was tingling. Filibustering, or what-not, who cared—words, mere words. He wanted to beat the Waterwitch—outfoot or outwit her, whichever seemed the more feasible; but, in any case, to beat her, to come off victorious in this stern and strenuous struggle. For this was life, this was living. Huzza! for the blood-red flag, Davy Jones' locker, and all the rest of the glorious game.

"I'm giving her all there is," he responded to Montacute's question. "Perhaps we could squeeze out another half-knot by shifting your big box a little farther aft; she wouldn't put her nose in so deep—augh!" A young Niagara came creaming over the engine bonnet and cut short articulate speech. But Mr. Freemantle was game, and his clutch on the wheel never wavered for an instant.

Another gun, and this time it was a two-pound shell that sheared the crest from a wave a quarter of a mile to starboard of the End Rush. A sinister sound, that high-pitched scream, as the projectile sped past, but Mr. Freemantle laughed aloud; it was veritable music in his ears. "We'll get the next one plump amidships," he thought, with savage exhilaration. He glanced over his shoulder at his companions in the cockpit. Montacute sat alert and truculent as ever, his cocked revolver at the ready, but the boy Frank was crouched on the stern cushions, his face hidden in his hands and tears trickling through his fingers. Strangely again Mr. Freemantle found this spectacle singularly unnerving; the mad intoxication of the past moment left him as quickly as it had come, and he felt horribly afraid.

The weather had been thickening up during the last half-hour; the sun had disappeared behind a misty bank of clouds and the air blew chill. In the dampening atmosphere the motor suddenly began to work badly. Mr. Freemantle was too utterly ignorant of gasoline engineering to understand that his mixture was too heavy, but it was patent, even to his inexperienced eye, that something was wrong. The engine

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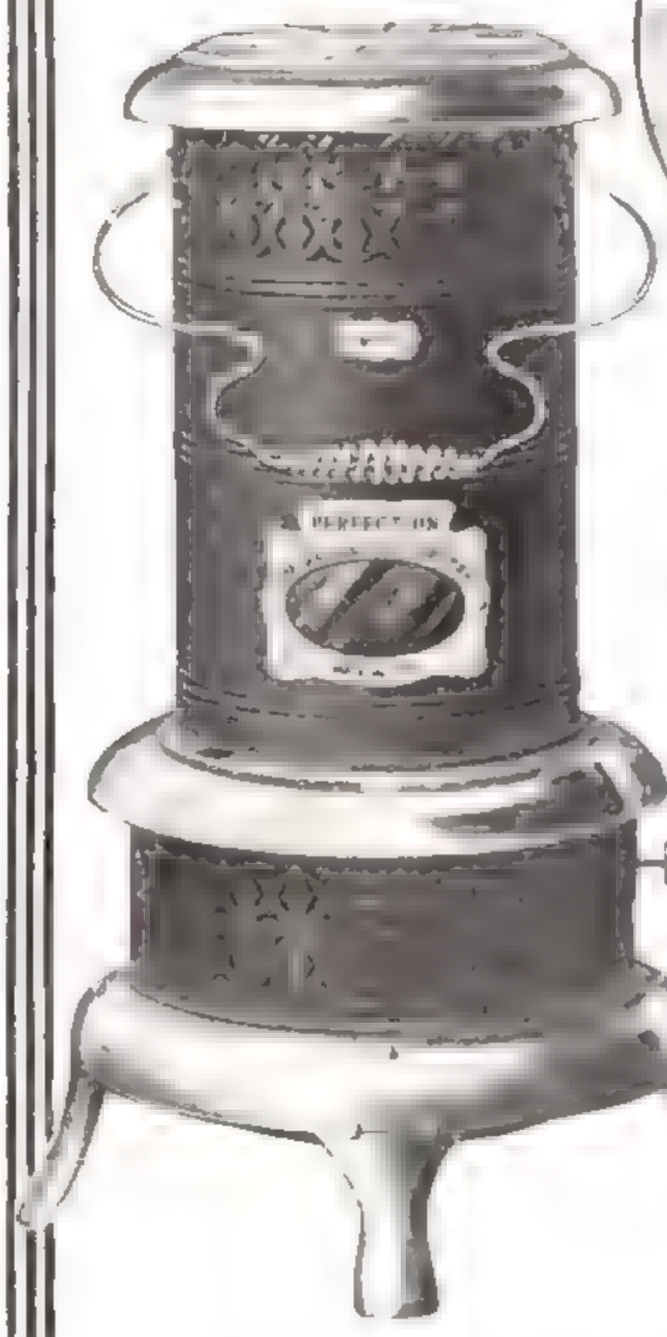

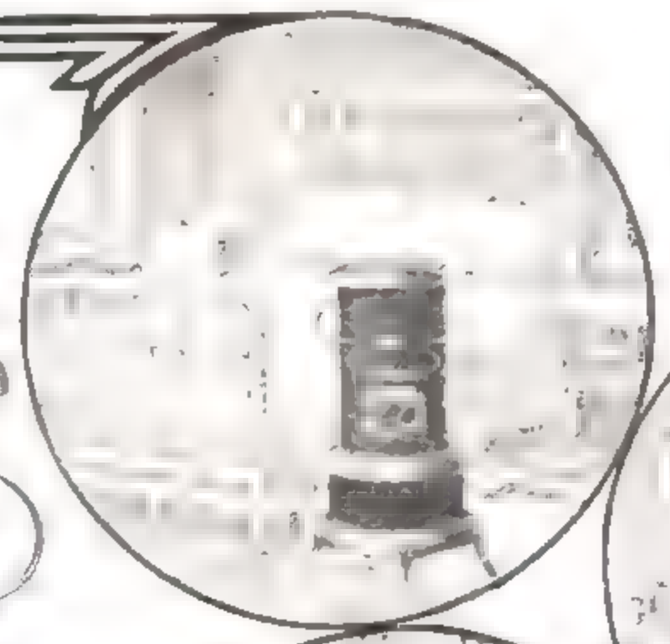

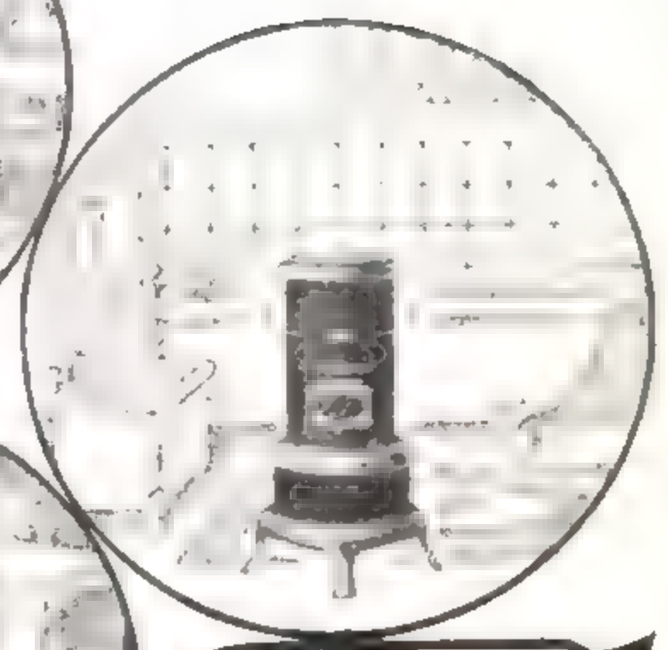

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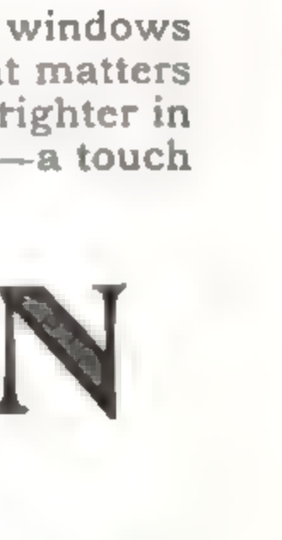

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chugged away complainingly, as though it were being forced to carry a load too great for its strength; it moved slower and slower; it stopped.

The pistol-muzzle prodded Mr. Freemantle sharply between the ribs. "I'll give you half a minute to get going again," said that implacable voice. "Don't imagine for an instant that you can flimflam Gillemeu Montacute; get busy."

Mr. Freemantle sat momentarily paralyzed. Get busy! Get busy at what? He was expected to do something, and he hadn't the faintest idea where to begin. Yet the instinct of self preservation came strongly to his aid.

He started to fumble desperately, and quite at random, among the levers and valves of the mechanism. He tried the sparking apparatus. No trouble with the current. The spark was strong and fat. The carbureter, then? But which of these mysterious cylinders was the carbureter? Pure chance directed his trembling hands. He was fiddling now with the needle-valve, and a merciful Providence ordained that he should cut off the superfluous flow of gasoline. The engine picked up again in a most surprising fashion—Mr. Freemantle had saved his bacon by the scant margin of ten seconds.

"That's enough," said Mr. Montacute a moment or two later. In that space of time a fog-bank had swept in from the sea, enveloping both pursuer and pursued in an impenetrable blanket. It was so thick that objects ten feet away were completely blotted out. The Waterwitch had disappeared from sight, but those in the motor-boat could hear the steam roaring from her escape-pipes as she ran by, and then the bell to slow down. It had been a close shave.

"Sha'n't we double back on them?" asked Mr. Freemantle. His interest in the game had returned with this new deal of the cards, and he was more anxious than ever to see it out.

"A shift of scenery will be the better trick," answered Montacute curtly. "Lend a hand here, will you?"

In a marvelously short space of time the three men, working with all their might, had succeeded in restoring the original appearance of the motor-boat. The gun and the false ventilators had been stowed away in the secret hold, the side-boards, covering up that telltale band of crimson, had been replaced, the piratical ensigns had been hauled down from the jackstaff, and the Mortmain was once more the peaceful and law-abiding End Rush.

"Pass me that small kedge," commanded Mr. Montacute. With a skillful hand he attached the anchor to the packing-box, and then hove the latter overboard at the end of a stout line, which in turn was substantially belayed to a ring-bolt close to the water-line. So far as incriminating evidence was concerned the End Rush could now show a clean bill of health.

"Be good enough to keep your eyes well forward until I tell you," said Mr. Montacute, and Mr. Freemantle obeyed without question. When the embargo had been lifted and he ventured to look around he was pardonably surprised. The boy Frank had disappeared, and in his place sat a remarkably handsome young woman. How this latter transformation had been effected Mr. Freemantle could never clearly figure out, but it is probable that the secret compartment had held some essential articles of feminine gear. Anyway, there she sat, and, as already intimated, she was particularly good to look upon. Mr. Freemantle stared at her, open-mouthed.

"I haven't introduced you as yet to Mrs. Montacute," said the black-visaged villain with a disagreeable smile. "My dear Frances, this is Mr. Phanuel L. Freemantle, to whom we are singularly indebted; indeed his kindness and courage have been above all praise."

"So good of you," murmured the fascinating Mrs. Montacute. She laid a soft little hand in Mr. Freemantle's massive palm and smiled, oh, so trustfully, at him. "And you will see us through this horrid mess?" she whispered.

"I will," asseverated Mr. Freemantle with ponderous gallantry. Poor little woman, to be linked for life to such a scoundrel! She did not look happy—probably he beat her at times.

The fog was clearing now. In a few minutes it would break away entirely, and then what? Mr. Freemantle knew that they were well inside the bay, and there had been three or four other motor-launches

Ellen Terry as "Lady Cicely Wayneflete"

Charles Reade and Ellen Terry

DID you know that Charles Reade was a manager as well as a writer, and that it was he who persuaded Ellen Terry to return to the stage after she had given it up for good, and that if she had not gone back at this time it would have been Kate and not Ellen who would have been *the* Terry of the English stage? Ellen Terry went back to play the leading part in Charles Reade's "The Wandering Heir," which led to her playing Portia, the great part of her life.

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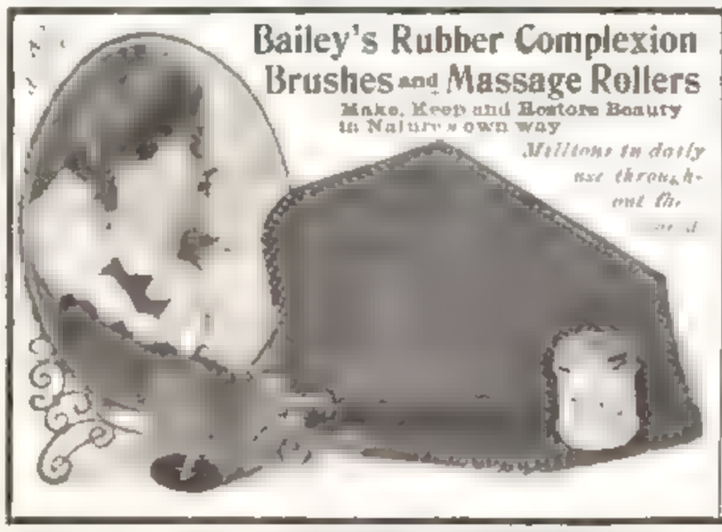

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within half a mile of the End Rush when the chase ended. It would be a wise Waterwitch that could pick out her particular needle from that haystack. Well, we should see what we should see.

The mists grew lighter, and now there was a patch of blue above their heads. The wind began to blow and the fog dissolved before it like a lump of sugar in a samovar of hot tea. Two or three cable lengths away lay the revenue cutter. She steamed slowly up to the End Rush.

"Get busy with your engines," whispered Montacute. "We are supposed to be temporarily disabled. I'll do the talking."

The commander of the Waterwitch stood on the bridge, looking worried and discontented.

"On board the End Rush there!" he sang out. "You haven't chanced to see a motor-boat about your size? Two big ventilator funnels, and a red band running all around her hull. Named Mortification, or something like that."

"I did notice such a boat just before the fog came down," answered Montacute glibly. "Odd-looking craft, and she seemed to be making for the Gut."

"—— the luck!—begging the lady's pardon," said the captain of the cutter. The fog had cleared away entirely by this time. There were a dozen or more vessels in sight, including the three launches, but nothing that even suggested the dashing Mortmain.

"Three men in her," persisted the officer, in an aggrieved tone. "And the beggars wore masks and flew the Jolly Roger. The impudence of it! I'm thinking that she must be the same boat that raised so much devilment around these waters last summer. Carried a crew of gentlemen yeggs, and did a great business in porch-climbing and second-story work. She had the same trick of melting into thin air."

"Quite likely," assented Montacute indifferently.

"I say," continued the commander of the Waterwitch, gazing with a new interest upon Mr. Gilledieu Montacute, "if I don't mistake, we are old friends."

"Really, you have the advantage ——"

"Not a bit of it. You are the same smooth article who has been mixed up in every big smuggling affair at this port in the last ten years. Moses Williams was the last name you went by."

"Nothing of the kind, I assure you, Captain ——"

"Yes, and that's your wife, a charming woman, and credited with bringing in more laces and diamonds than any other operator in the business. A most interesting meeting, Mr. Williams; I think that I had better detain you and your boat on suspicion. Mr. Gray, just take the dingey and make a line fast to that launch."

Mr. Freemantle had listened to this colloquy with a wildly beating heart. Were these people indeed the notorious Mr. and Mrs. Williams, whose exploits ranked as epics in the annals of the Custom House? And they were in his power; a brilliant and glorious revenge for the humiliations he had suffered lay ready for the taking. Now he understood what must be the meaning of that rubber-encased box swinging thirty feet below the keel of the End Rush. It had been only a vulgar smuggling job, after all. It needed but a word from him to expose the trick and punish the wrong-doers; nay, more, it was his duty—his sworn duty—to take such action. He glanced up and caught that appealing look in Mrs. Montacute's violet eyes. Then Mr. Freemantle stood up and turned his face toward the commander of the Waterwitch.

"Captain Watkins," he said.

"Eh, it's never you, Mr. Freemantle," ejaculated the revenue officer. "Well, this is a surprise!"

"I think that you may leave this business in my hands."

"To be sure, to be sure. But this is a surprise," and Captain Watkins really did look his astonishment at finding the secretary to the Collector cruising in company with two such notorious offenders against the revenue laws of the country.

"So far as this lady and gentleman are concerned," continued Mr. Freemantle, "I have only had the pleasure of their acquaintance for a few hours this afternoon. The engine of their launch had broken down, and I offered to take them over to Bay Beach."

Captain Watkins tried to look convinced but here were two such black, black sheep.

"Let me also impress upon you, Captain Watkins, that if you expect to capture that

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motor-boat with the red line around her hull you are losing valuable time. You may quite possibly find her under the lee of Diamond Island."

"You're right, Mr. Freemantle," agreed the commander of the cutter. "But aren't you disabled there? I might give you a tow to the Government Pier."

"Quite unnecessary. The disarrangement is trifling, and I can take care of myself."

Captain Watkins continued to look irresolute; plainly he was unwilling to sail away and leave behind him Mr. and Mrs. Moses Williams. Mr. Montacute saw this and he played a master stroke.

"Possibly Captain Watkins is interested in my abandoned boat," he said suavely. "If he cares to take myself and Mrs. Montacute on board the Waterwitch I shall be happy to guide him to where she is lying up Goosequill Creek—on the understanding, Captain, that when you are satisfied you will put us ashore at Bay Beach. I am in a hurry to catch a train, you see."

"I shall be charmed," said Captain Watkins grimly. "Phillips, get a line aboard the launch and rig the side-ladders."

Mr. Freemantle understood. It was the clever Mr. Montacute's idea to lead the Waterwitch away on a false scent, and so leave opportunity for him, Mr. Freemantle, to complete the job. He was to be the catspaw. Mr. Freemantle revolted at the unworthy part he was to play; his brow clouded.

The End Rush had been hauled alongside the Waterwitch; now or never was the time to speak. Mrs. Montacute rose and made her way forward. As she passed Mr. Freemantle she held out her hand, with a soul-alluring glance. "My dear friend!" she said, in a thrilling whisper. Mr. Freemantle smiled; he was lost. "You will hear from me again," continued the siren. Mr. Freemantle swelled with an indescribable emotion.

"Sure you don't want any assistance?" said the commander of the cutter. "I could let you have a machinist."

"No, no," protested Mr. Freemantle hastily. "I'm all right; good-by."

The Waterwitch cast off and steamed away. Mr. Freemantle continued to gaze after the tiny square of white cambric that waved at him from over the taffrail of the cutter. When, finally, it had disappeared he drew a long sigh and turned to the task in hand.

It was a difficult job, single-handed, to haul up the box from its aqueous concealment and get it aboard the launch. But he managed it somehow, and then he started for Shellacres, arriving a little after six. With the help of Wiggins the mysterious box was placed on a wheelbarrow and taken up to the house.

"Put it in my den," ordered Mr. Freemantle, "and bring me the key of the room." He had to hurry and dress; for the Garrisons had arrived.

The long evening passed at last, and even Antietam had been exhausted as a subject for a monologue discussion. The visitors left to catch their train and Mrs. Freemantle went up to the nursery.

Procuring a screwdriver and a hatchet Mr. Freemantle proceeded to examine his treasure-trove. Now the Steamer Lucie runs from Havana, and Mr. Freemantle was not overmuch surprised to discover that the box contained cigars—ten thousand "Golden Fleece" Invincibles and Regalias, the cream, if you please, of the Havana market, and worth at least twenty dollars a hundred in Cuba. The unpaid duty alone would amount to a tidy sum.

Mr. Freemantle opened a box of "After Dinners," and recklessly lit one. Then he sat down to think.

That was a good cigar, a remarkably fine cigar, and Mr. Freemantle reflected, somewhat cynically, that its flavor was in no small part due to the fact that it had paid no duty to the United States Government. Well, he would enjoy that cigar to the utmost, for to-morrow—ah, yes, to-morrow——

To-morrow he would turn over these spoils of war to the proper authorities, and that would close the affair. Of course, there was nothing else to do, and yet—— The maddening remembrance of those violet eyes returned to plague him, and he was conscious that he had virtually committed himself to quite a different line of action. And, come to think it over, there had been a distinctly pleasurable sensation in outwitting Captain Watkins, of the

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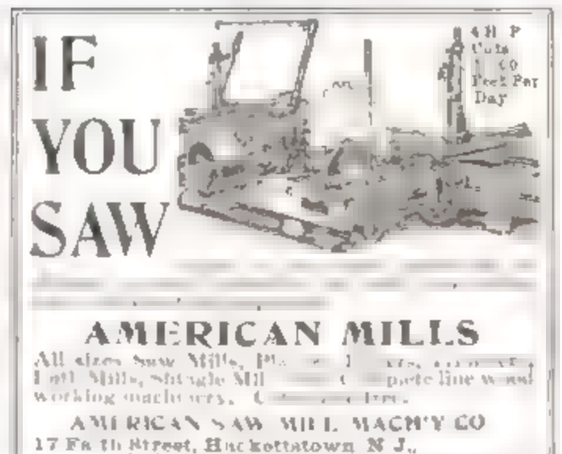

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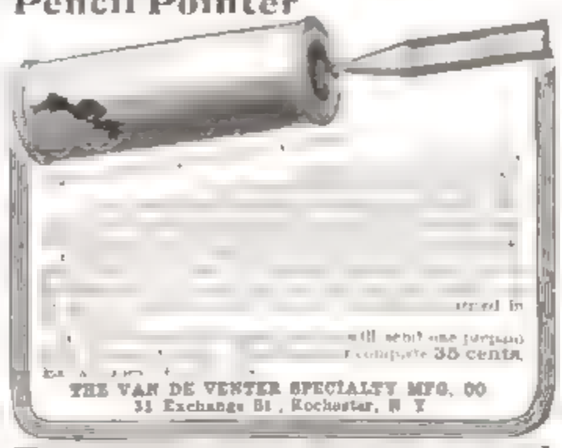

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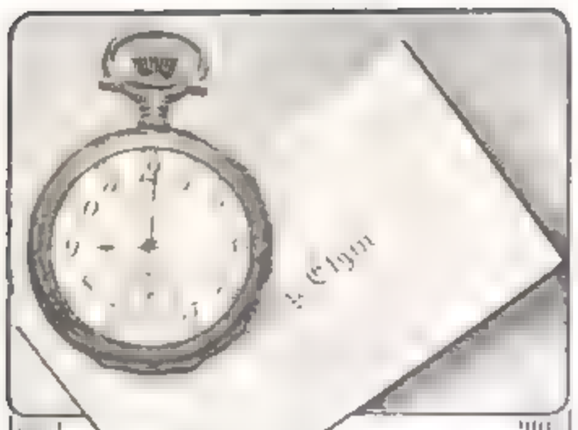

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Waterwitch. Truly a most reprehensible admission on the part of a respectable father of a family, and a sworn and trusted employee of the Treasury Department; a regrettable fact, but a fact all the same, and Mr. Freemantle actually found himself glorying in it. Besides, that cigar did have a most delicious flavor; he had never smoked anything quite like it. There were visions, too, in those slowly ascending wreaths of bluish vapor—alluring, intoxicating. Mr. Freemantle jumped up, in a fright, and threw away the half-smoked stub—time enough to decide this vexed question in the morning.

As it turned out, Mr. Freemantle was spared the painful necessity of any further struggle with his better self. When he again entered his den after breakfast on the following morning he was astounded to discover that, with the exception of the opened box, the cigars had vanished. On the table lay a note addressed to him and written in a slanting, feminine hand. It thanked Mr. Freemantle for his unfailing courtesy and invaluable assistance in the affair of the Steamer Lucie, and particularly for the explicit directions regarding The Moorings—it was the third house from the village pump. It also stated that Mr Freemantle's obliged acquaintances of yesterday had taken the liberty to resume possession of the motor-boat, End Rush It appeared that one of Mr. Montacute's business partners had been indiscreet enough to dispose of the launch without the formality of a previous understanding; consequently, Mr. Montacute felt justified in reclaiming his property where he found it. Would Mr. Freemantle accept the broken box of cigars as a slight token of gratitude and mutual esteem? Signed, "Frances Montacute, née Williams."

Wiggins, the gardener, presented himself at the door. He reported stolidly that the boathouse had been broken into during the night, and that the End Rush had disappeared. "I know, I know," said Mr. Freemantle impatiently. "You may go That's the reason I got such a bargain in motor-boats," he added under his breath, and with a slight touch of bitterness.

When Mr. Freemantle returned from the city that night he found a furniture van at the door. "We are going back to Hill Farm," explained Mrs. Freemantle briefly. "I have just learned that what we call the salt smell in the sea-air is really iodide of potassium, and comes from decaying marine vegetation. I think that it is bad for William's throat." Mr. Freemantle said nothing, but he wondered vaguely whether he had chanced to make mention of violet eyes during his troubled slumbers of the night before. Mrs. Freemantle had always insisted that he talked in his sleep, but hitherto he had denied it stoutly. Now he was not so sure.

Back on the Hill Farm Mr. Freemantle devotes himself, as of yore, to scientific agriculture. But the old nautical memories will not wholly down, and whenever he is out driving the stone boat he wears his yachting cap. And while that box of really fine cigars lasted he used to light up one every night and smoke it very slowly. Dreams—idle dreams!

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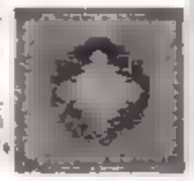

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A Shadow Between His Shoulder-Blades

(Continued from Page 14)

l'arnt all he could, he leaned back in his cheer an' looked at the rafters, an' said nary a word.

"Ol' Drew, squattin' down on the door-step, begun for to talk to Wimberly about ol' times, the times when he was a young chap, an' the ol' nigger use to tote him around on his back; about the times when him an' Margaret Featherston used to be sweethearts. Drew declared that she hadn't nigh forgot Marse Wimberly, an' then he laughed at somethin' in his mind. Says he:

"'Marse Wimberly, you ain't fergot dat ar Mr. Bushrod Claiborne, is you? De man what you had a fight wid about de gray mar'? Well, suh, he comes dar constantly, an' it look like to me dat he's drappin' his wing at Miss Margaret.'

"'What is Bushrod Claiborne doing with the Yanks?' says I.

"Somehow the name of Bushrod Claiborne appeared to rouse Gener'l Forrest from his doze, ef dozin' he was.

"'Bushrod Claiborne!' he says with an oath that mought 'a' come from one of the old-time propheciers the Bible tells about, it was so big an' bitter. 'Why, I'd ride forty—yes, fifty—mile to-night, sick as I am, ef I could lay hands on that man!' He didn't lose hisself in his thoughts no more. He called to one of his men, an' told him to take charge of ol' Drew. 'Make him help about the hosses, give him some supper, show him whar to sleep, an' fetch him here to me in the mornin'. Be certain you fetch him at daybreak!' Then he give us the wink for to go to bed.

"When I sleep, I sleep," said Mr. Sanders. "I reckon I make as much fuss as a freight ingine gwine up grade on a damp night, but that knarr thing don't jestar me. I woke about day, an' raised up an' looked aroun'. A fire had been built out in the open an' some un was cookin' breakfust. Gener'l Forrest was settin' by the fire, an' right at his elbow was the ol' man, the daddy of the young 'oman whose misery an' misfortune had made a mighty bad half-hour for us—the young 'oman wi' the little child, who had cried so when she hearn that Gener'l Forrest was dead.

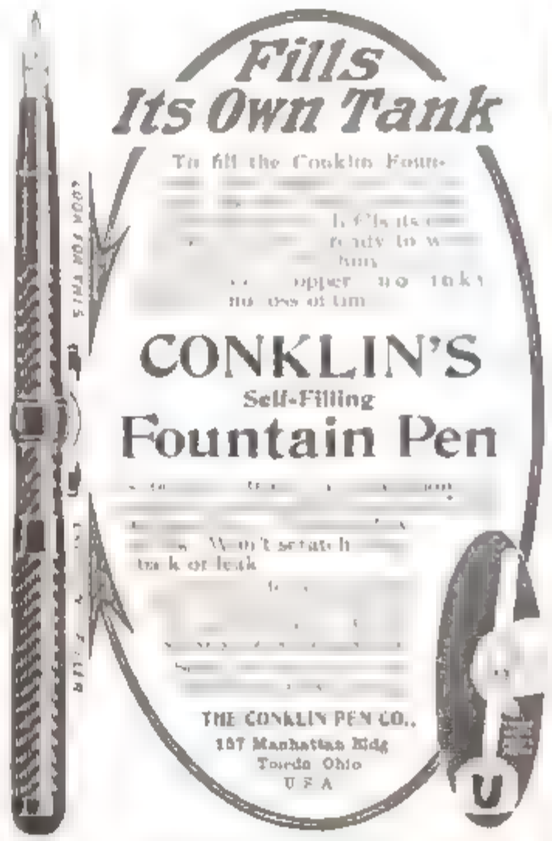
"I woke Wimberly, an' in half a minute we had jumped into sech of our cloze as we had took off. Then we went to the fire, an' the Gener'l told us that Mr. Mooneyham would guide us whar he wanted us to go. The old man kinder shuffled around an' said he thought likely he had seed us before. He was one of Forrest's scouts, an' the Gener'l was sendin' him wi' us so's he could fetch back some news that he wanted mighty bad to hear.

"'Ten to one,' he says to Mr Mooneyham, 'you'll see Bushrod Claiborne. Ef you do, jest let him alone. I want him to think that ever'thing is all right out your way. Ef you fool wi' him, he'll be too much for you, an' you don't want to git in any more trouble on his account. Leave him to me; jest leave him to me; he's my meat, an' I want to git my han's on him.'

"'I think,' says Wimberly, 'that he either led or guided a party of raiders through Georgia jest about the time I made up my mind to come to you.'

"'Well, you can bet ever'thing you've got,' says Gener'l Forrest, 'that he didn't do any leadin'; he ain't nothin' but a plain, ever'-day spy, an' the part fits him like a new suit of tailor-made close. I know'd him before the war an' sence; in fact, he was one of my partners an' he's the fust white man that ever fooled me. I've got a heap of things laid up ag'in' him, an' some of 'em is betwixt me an' this ol' man here. I'll git my han's on him arter a while, an' when I do ——' He just left it hangin' in the a'r, but thar wa'n't no sort of doubt what he'd do. His temper was at a white heat ever' time he mentioned Bushrod Claiborne's name.

"'What I want you to do,' the Gener'l says, when we was about ready for to start, 'is to see how things look around Memphis; I want you to see ef the letters I have been gittin' from that neighborhood are all correct. A heap depends on that, a heap more'n I kin tell you right now, an' a heap depends on you-all. Mooneyham here will fetch me the news. You rickerlect how you used to choose sides in games when you was boys—a pudnie marked wi' cross an' piles? Well, ef ever thing is easy, an'



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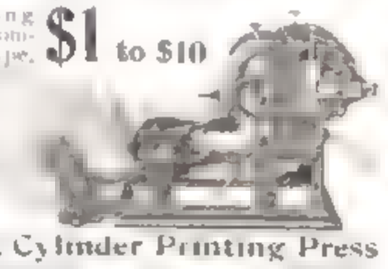

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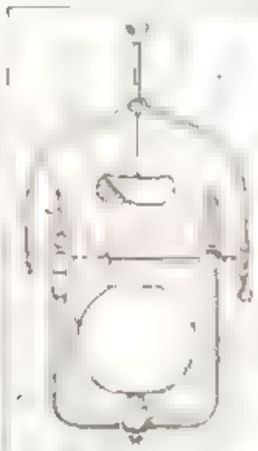

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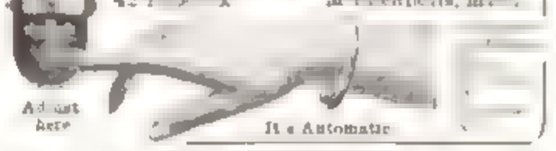

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the walkin's good, an' the gate not well 'tended, put a cross mark on a piece of paper an' give it to Mooneyham; ef ever'thing is all the other way, jest put three straight lines on the paper—I'll know. I'm a-gwine to give you a hoss for the nigger, for to kinder pay you back for the two you ketched yistiddy. Mooneyham is gwine wi' you, but sometimes he won't be in sight, an' you'll have to do the best you kin. You'll likely meet Captain William Forrest, or some of his men. Ef you do jest tell him that his sick brother is gittin' along as well as could be expected; this'll be a clean bill of health for you, bekaze Brother William ain't what you might call a discriminatin' man; he won't ax you what church you belong to before he puts a hole or two in you.'

"Wi' that the Gener'l give us the so-long salute, an' done like he'd ruther see our backs than our faces, though he told Mooneyham that he wanted him for to be mighty keerful on this trip. Well, off we put, the ol' man in the lead. It was mighty funny to me that he'd ruther walk than ride, but he was made that-a-way, I reckon, an' ef so, he shorely was made right, for of all the walkers that ever I laid eyes on he was the out-doin'est. Ef he had any limit, I never seed 'im come to it. He'd walk hard all day, an' when night come he was lot's fresher than the hosses. When he wanted us to go fast, he'd jest ketch a-holt of my stirrup, an' swing along like a man gwine arter the doctor.

"Thar's a right smart piece of ground betwixt Massasip an' Memphis, 'specially the way we went. We had to keep to the cover of the big woods, an' then they didn't look like they was a bit too big. When we started off we felt kinder sorry for Mooneyham, but we hadn't gone fur before we was sorry that we had been sorry. We jogged along, tryin' for to make it easy for him, an' he had to stop in the road an' wait for us.

"'Ef you travel like that,' he says, puckerin' up his mouth, 'you'll git thar by next fall, an' much good it'll do you,' says he. 'Two mile up the road you'll come to a big white house wi' green blinds: turn in at the lot gate, but don't go in the lot—go round it ontell you come to the spring path. On the hill nigh the spring you'll see a 'oman plattin' straw. The word is: "Good-mornin', ma'am, I hope you're feelin' well arter the little spell you had. Will you show me the Mooneyham road?"—don't forgit—the Mooneyham road.' Wi' that he went into the bushes, an' out of sight same as ef he'd splunged into the sea.

"We rid on, an' 'twas jest as he said; thar was the 'oman settin' on a stump on the hill plattin' straw for to make a hat. She wa'n't ol' an' she wa'n't young, but she looked mighty quare. Wimberly give her the word.

"'Tain't none of my business,' she says, wi' a pitiful smile, 'but it looks to me like it hain't no road for a youngster wi' a crutch an' a houn' dog.'

"She riz up, she did, an' then we seed she was a hunchback. She motioned us to foller an' she went slidin' an' glidin' through the woods wi' so little fuss that she put me in mind of the wild creeturs.

"'Twa'n't long tell we come to whar a lanky, bar'footed boy, wi' a flint-an'-steel rifle, was lookin' up a tree like he was arter a squirrel. He scowled at us an' made as ef he would run off, but the 'oman coaxed him back. Says the 'oman:

"'Squir'ls won't sp'ile while they is in the trees, Sugar. Make your purtiest bow, Sugar, an' then run an' show these gents to Winslett's Cle'rin'.'

"The boy handed his rifle to the 'oman, an' put out through the woods like a hornet was arter him.

"'Jest foller him,' says the 'oman, 'an' he'll take you whar you wanter go—Sugar will.'

"It was e'en about as much as we could do for to keep the boy in sight, yit, jest as we'd be about to lose him for good an' all, we'd come up wi' him. He'd uther be a-layin' flat on the groun', or he'd be a-dozing at the foot of a tree. As soon as we'd come up wi' him up he'd jump an' run on ahead. Ef we ever come to Winslett's Cle'rin' I never know'd it. We did come to a cabin in the woods. Doors an' windows was shut, an' it looked as ef it mought be ha'nted. You know I don't believe in ghosts, but I know mighty well that thar's things so much like 'em that you couldn't tell 'em apart ef you was to see 'em standin' side by side. The boy went aroun' the house, an' presently come back wi' a big

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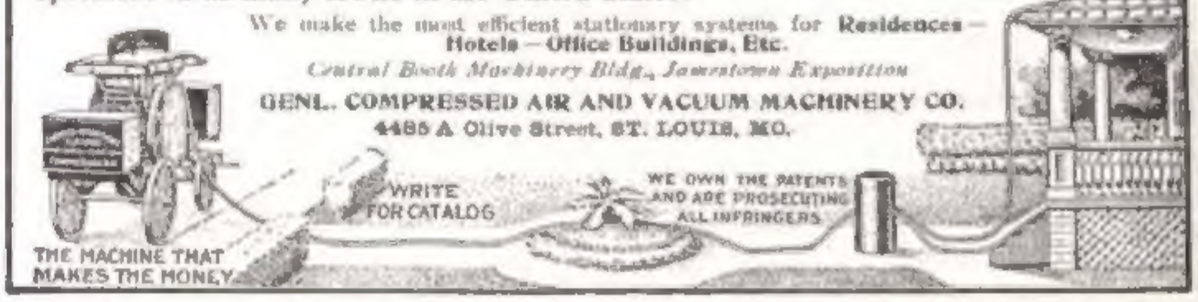

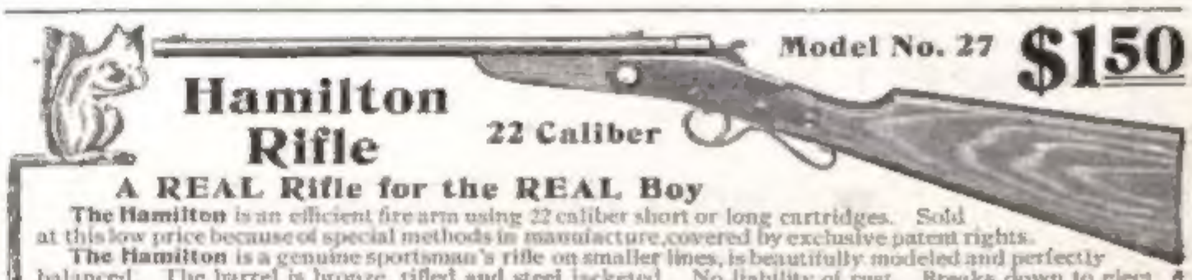

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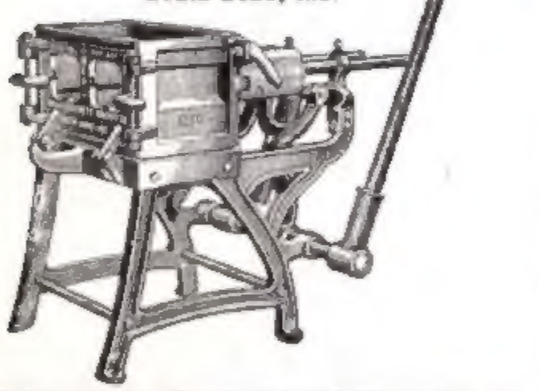

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basket, an' I allowed by the way Wimberly's houn' foller'd at his heels that the basket was full of vittles. Ol' Drew wanted to tote it for him, but the boy grinned an' shuck his head, as much as to say: 'You kin fool some folks, but you can't fool me!' Wi' this load he couldn't go so fast, but he went fast enough.

"Purty soon we come up wi' Mooneyham. The ol' man was doin' so funny an' actin' so quare that I didn't know what to make on him. He was cussin' some, an' cryin' some, an' hittin' out in the a'r like he was in a reg'lar knock-down an' drag-out fight. He didn't stop when he seed us, but jest holler'd out:

"'Come here, gentermen! Come here an' look yan'! Thar goes Bushrod Claiborne as free as a bird! He passed right by me, an' I could 'a' retched out my han' an' drug him off'n his hoss—I could 'a' done it, but I didn't, an' now he's a-gwine whar he's a-gwine, wi' not a scratch on him—an' me a-standing here!'

"I never was as sorry for anybody in my life.

"It was funny the way Bushrod Claiborne bobbed up in front of us ever' time we turned aroun'. Ever'whar we went, it looked like we was uther on his trail or him on ours. We had come out on the big road, an' now we could see a man on horseback amblin' along a quarter of a mile away. His horse was a sorrel, wi' white hin'legs—a reg'lar stockin'-foot. Drew know'd the horse, an' Mooneyham know'd the man. The boy left us here, arter givin' the basket of vittles to Mr. Mooneyham, an' all on us drapt back in the woods an' kep' on a-gwine north. We struck up wi' some of Captain Bill Forrest's men, an' they halted us for a while; but not for long did we stay wi' 'em.

"While he was talkin' to us word come that the offendin' Yanks was in sight, an' sech another scurryin' through the woods you never seed sence you was born. Cap'n Bill's Independents tried for to ride right over 'em. He didn't keer as much about tactics as his big brother. He jest went at the boys in blue like he was tryin' for to round up a stampeded drove of hogs an' mules, an' purty soon he had quite a sprinklin' of the Union folks.

"An' it reely was war, for the crackle of the guns, an' the gener'l racket an' riot, woke up both sides furder south, an' presently we could hear the boom-boom-along of the big guns on both sides, an' it sounded like things was gittin' purty well shuck up. When Cap'n Bill had finished his little job he took to the woods ag'in, an' the last we seed of him was right arter Mooneyham had told him about Bushrod Claiborne, an' he was cussin' so hard he like to 'a' fell off'n his hoss. I had to laugh, bekaze it was funny that you couldn't call the feller's name in that part of the country wi'out makin' folks cuss ontell the a'r was blue.

"We went along, day arter day, amblin' an' ramblin' an' moseyin'. One night ol' Drew said he reckoned he'd have to drap out'n the percession bekaze it wouldn't never do for his Miss Livvy to know he had been so fur south. He didn't belong to Miss Livvy, but him an' his mistiss an' his young mistiss was stayin' at her house. The next mornin' he wa'n't nowhar to be seen. Along about five o'clock in the arternoon we come to a mighty nice house on the edge of the woods. Mooneyham went up an' knocked like he'd been thar before, an' purty soon he fetched us word that the folks was expectin' us. We didn't need no written invitation, bekaze we was dog-tired. In the house was two mighty nice ol' wimmen, an' a ol' man that looked mighty nigh as ol' as Methuselum. They had a nice hot meal of vittles for us. We was to stay thar all night, an' then, ever'thin' bein' about ripe, Wimberly Driscoll was to go on to Graylands, a mile away. Drew was to take the gray mar' an' hide her out, whilst I was to leave the roan right whar he was, an' take my foot in my han' an' go wi' Mooneyham, changin' for the time bein' from a Georgy cracker to a Tennessee tacky.

"'Twa'n't no trouble for me to play the part, bekaze my cloze was about as shabby-lookin' as any set of men's gyarments you ever laid your eyes on.

"Well, we went, an' ever'thin' would 'a' fell out all right but for one or two things: a big Frenchy, a-fightin' for the Union on account of a bounty, an' the feller you've heern tell on—Bushrod Claiborne."

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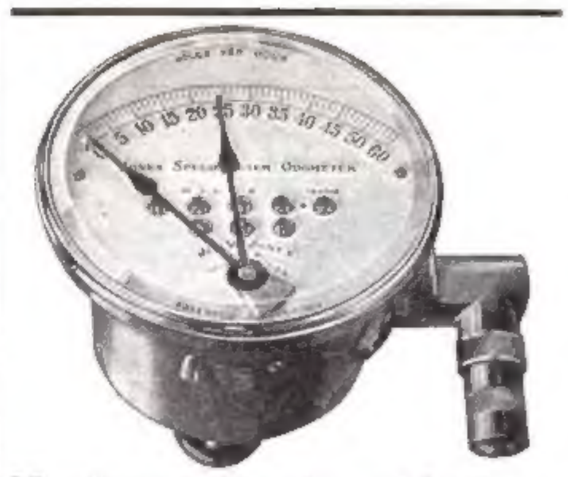

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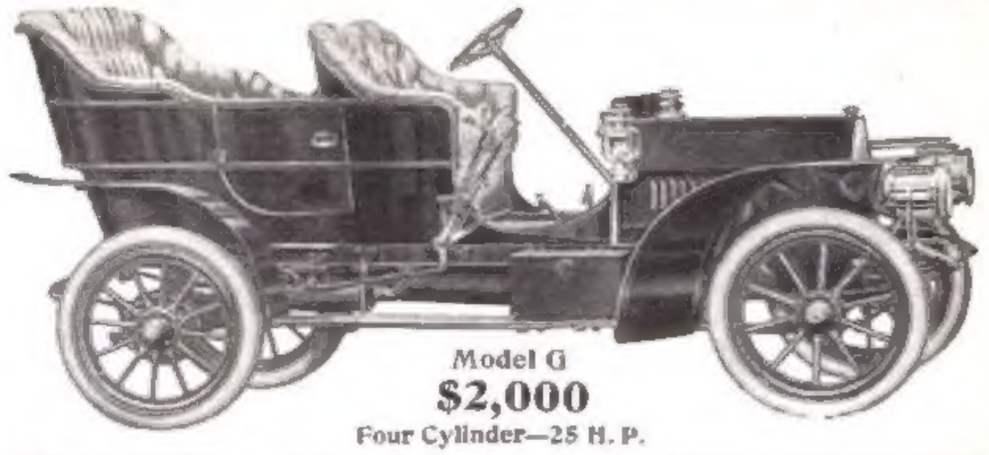

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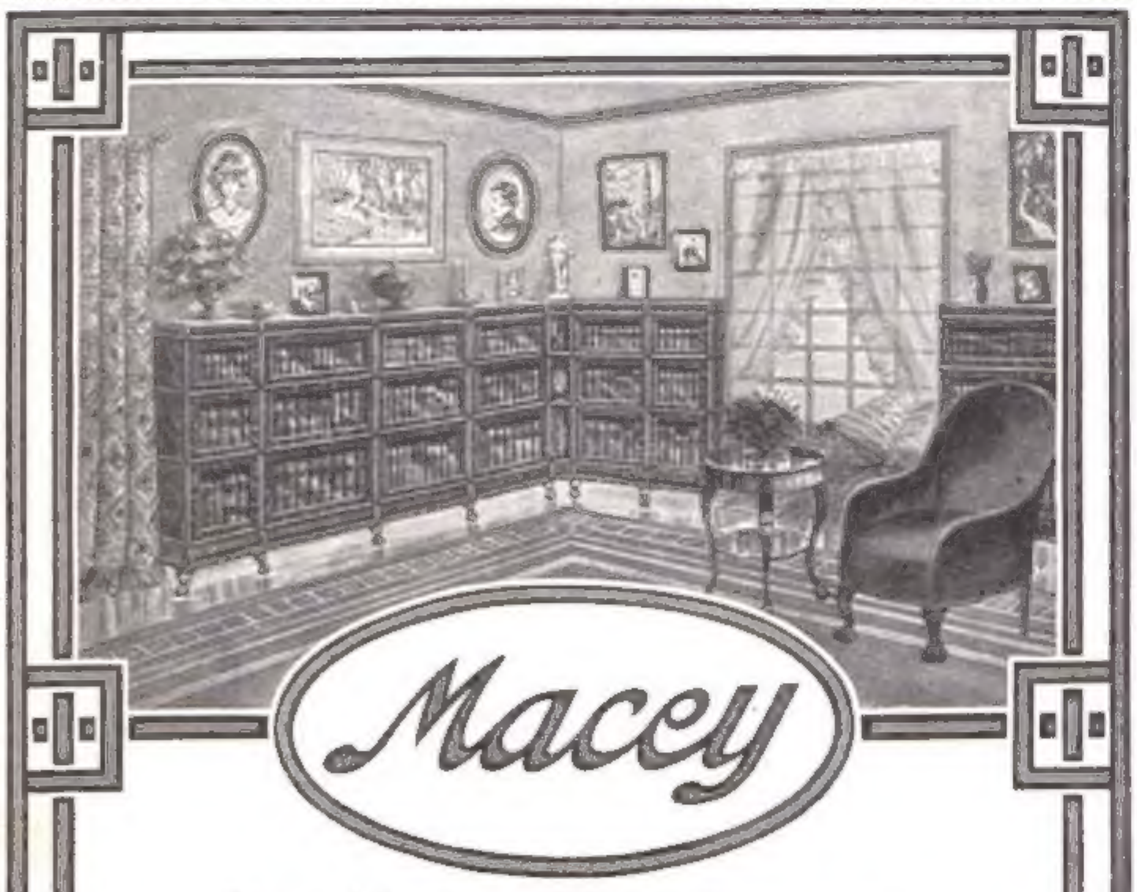

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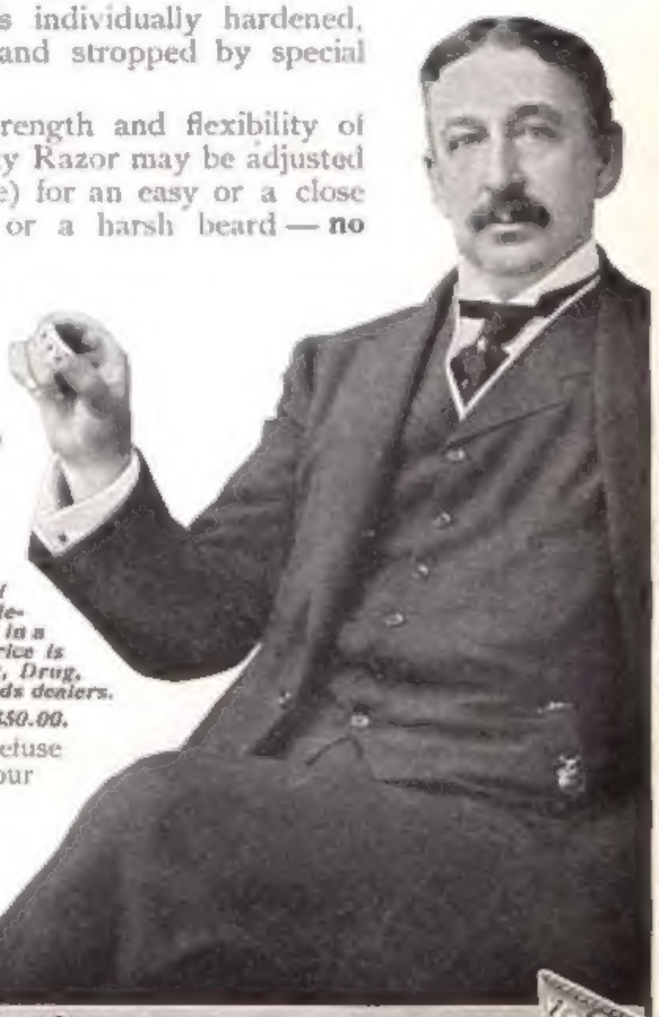

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